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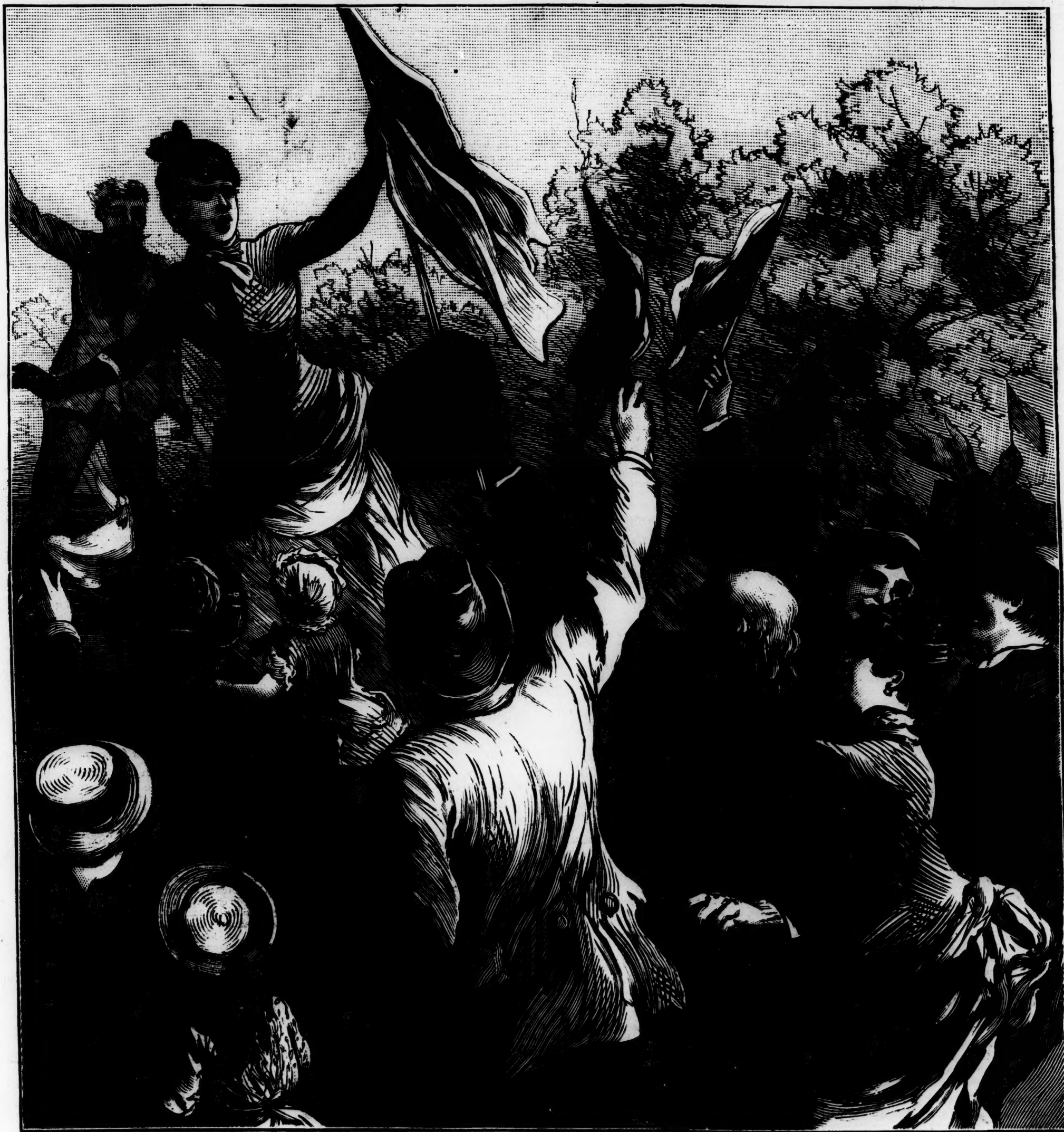
THE NATIONAL
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SPORTING

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1886.

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SHE WAVED THE RED FLAG.

MRS. PARSONS, THE WIFE OF THE CONVICTED CHICAGO ANARCHIST, ADDRESSES A SOCIALIST PICNIC AT SHEFFIELD, IND.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1886.

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A COWARDLY TRICK.

Two weeks ago the POLICE GAZETTE published an illustration of a scene in Norristown, Pa., which had been fully described previously in that excellent and reliable newspaper, the Norristown Daily Times. The subject was the pollution of the reservoir in Norristown by several negroes, who made a practice of bathing in it. We showed the disgusting spectacle, velling in a degree its indecencies. For, according to the Norristown Times, the Norristown negroes, greasy and ill-savored, who bathed regularly in the Norristown reservoir, went in swimming in a state of utter nakedness, exposing their persons without blush or shame to all passers-by.

What was the result?

The subjoined letter, written by one of the leading citizens of Norristown, will best tell the tale:

NORRISTOWN, PA., Sept. 7, 1886.

Editor of the Police Gazette:

On Thursday of last week there appeared in this town a neat little circular announcing that there would be an exposure in No. 409 of the POLICE GAZETTE of the bathing by the colored youth of this town in the reservoir of the water company. An officer of the Norristown Water Company immediately gave the newsdealers notice not to sell the POLICE GAZETTE and rushed into our local papers with a denial of the charge. Your correspondent has made a tour of investigation and reports the following facts: The Norristown reservoir is necessarily located on elevated ground and the water bed is not visible from the street. A prominent merchant on returning from a gunning expedition happened to pass the basin and heard several cries of "Oh don't you will drown me," "Oh don't you will drown me." This of course attracted his attention and he immediately rushed up the high embankment and thrust himself under the dilapidated pale fence that encircles the basin and discovered eight colored urchins ranging in years from 12 to 19, absolutely nude bathing in the reservoir. One of the little niggers recognized the merchant with his gun and implored him not to shoot which of course he did not attempt. The testimony of this man alone successfully establishes the case against the water company; but this is not all. It has been well known to the residents of the neighborhood for a considerable period of time, and some of them have gone so far in the matter as to notify the police to arrest the bathers. (This happened before the above recited discovery.) The police replied that they had no authority without a warrant but as the complaining citizens never had a warrant issued, the police did not interfere. That the reservoir has been used for a long period of time by the colored population of this borough for a bath there is no question, as the parties whose names are confidentially enclosed will establish beyond a peradventure, the words of the officials of the water company to the contrary notwithstanding. **PURE WATER.**

The number of the POLICE GAZETTE against which the Norristown Water Company leveled their silly and unlawful threats was 400. Should the same idiotic officials keep up their ostrich policy of shutting their eyes to the truth instead of protecting their customers by keeping daries out of their reservoir, we will next week surprise them with the names and residences of persons well known in Norristown who will go so far as to give the names of the negroes thus singularly protected by the Norristown Water Company.

COME OFF!

An improbable story comes from Washington to the effect that Indian Commissioner Atkins insists upon Geronimo being put to death. He is quoted as saying: "The President will probably acquiesce in whatever proposition Gen. Miles makes for disposing of the murderer. His proposition will, doubtless be a court-martial, which will not fail to award a death sentence. There is no doubt that the public sentiment of the country demands the death of Geronimo."

Judging from what everybody knows of the hereditary policy of the Indian Bureau in just such cases as Geronimo's, it is asking too much to believe that so radical a change is to be made in this instance. There is certainly nothing to corroborate it in the way Chief Chatto—an equally death-deserving scoundrel—has been treated by the Bureau.

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

Louise Montague, otherwise known as "Forepaugh's \$10,000 Beauty," has quit the Evangeline Company. A good deal of Louise has been seen for the money by the various baldheaded brigades of the country, and she wants to give her solid charms a rest. Louise is the daughter of a one-time famous gambler named Stewart, and is really quite a good-looking woman. But the \$10,000 championship is a chestnut that ought to be gonged to death by this time.

Miss Reina Stanley, a young lady of petite but handsome figure, who made a hit as a soubrette in Mr. Gardiner's "Zozo," has been engaged by Messrs. Koster & Bial.

W. Tiffany Dugan, lately with "A Bunch of Keys" Company, will assume the advance management of the Ida Siddons Mastodon Burlesque Company the present season. Mr. Dugan is at present identified with Buffalo Bill's "Wild West."

A newspaper man just back from London says that the most deservedly prosperous and popular American in England is Pony Moore. The newspapers do anything he asks them. The police worship him, and the public throng to his admirable show. His house in St. John's Wood is the resort of all the choice spirits in town, his horses are the fastest in the British Isles, his champagne flows like a river and his diamonds—well, everybody knows what they are.

As soon as one big theatrical scandal dies a natural death and disappears from public view, another comes to take its place and shed fresh disgrace on the fellows who seem to delight in befouling their own nests. The most recent and outrageous illustration of the wicked ways of the profesh comes from San Francisco.

Sarah L. Lawson, a tall, graceful, well-proportioned brunette, about 20 years old, well known as likely to become one of the most prominent actresses of San Francisco, died about 5 o'clock the other morning under suspicious circumstances. The causes which led to her death would perhaps never have been made public were it not for suspicions that were aroused in the mind of Dr. James Ward, who attended the young woman in her last illness. He believed that she was a victim of malpractice, and in consequence refused to sign the certificate of death. Coroner O'Donnell was accordingly notified, and informed that the body of the deceased should be submitted to a post-mortem examination.

The city physician communicated with Dr. Ward, and the latter told him the circumstances of his connection with the case. He stated that he had been summoned to attend the girl on the morning of the 3d inst., she was then suffering from the effects of a premature birth and experienced intense pain. She became unconscious on the following day, and it was soon discovered that she was the victim of septicæmia, or blood poisoning, to which she succumbed.

Miss Lawson was regarded as a young lady of marked refinement. She was possessed of many accomplishments, and, although of a gay and animated disposition, there was nothing in her manner which would indicate frailty. Moreover, she possessed traits of character calculated to repel familiar advances. During her illness she seldom referred to the fact of her trouble, but from her conversation her doctor gleaned sufficient to warrant the belief that she had been the victim of a desecrated scoundrel, who worked her ruin by false promises. She was always ambitious, and worked sedulously to support her mother. Some time ago she adopted the stage as her profession, and it is believed that while negotiating for an engagement some theatrical individual led her from the path of virtue.

This poor girl's ante-mortem statement has just been published in the San Francisco papers. In it she accuses a well-known theatrical manager of that city, who is equally known in Chicago, of accomplishing her ruin July 12 last at the theatre where she was playing an engagement. A peculiar coincidence is that about the same hour in the morning as that at which the tragic death of the young actress occurred, the alleged author of Miss Lawson's disgrace attempted to shoot his wife. For this offense he was arrested, but was later released on bail.

It would be interesting to know who "the prominent manager" is thus gingerly alluded to. No doubt his name will come out in a little while, and then for a brief period he will be the envy of all the men and the admiration of all the women who make up the very large sum element of the "show biz."

The news that John T. Raymond has heart disease will greatly surprise the numberless people who never suspected him of the possession of such an organ.

Pearl Eytling (who is not Mrs. John T. Raymond and no relation to that lady), after a retirement of many seasons, has at last found employment, and will go out with T. H. Glenn's Company this season. She has sworn off entirely and promises to be a good girl for the future. In this event she will probably find things nice and smooth, for, barring her little eccentricities, Pearl is quite a genius in her way. It is a curious fact that she never grew reckless until she began to write "poetry." It is a fearful warning, sad soaks.

Charlie Byrne has severed his connection with the New York Dramatic Times, the paper having passed into the hands of Leander Richardson. The next move, I am told, will be to change the Times into a Sunday morning issue similar to the London Referee. Byrne has become an operatic manager and, naturally, hasn't the time to waste on journalism. Richardson is a clever, vigorous writer, who strikes from the shoulder, and doesn't lack the courage of his convictions by a jug-full.

Emma Steiner saved the Chicago Casino production of "Iolanthe" from utter ruin the other night. With one rehearsal and one orchestra call the bright woman took both the orchestra and people in hand and carried them through.

The best and most novel advertisement given by the French press to Daly's company is the statement that young ladies can listen to the plays with impunity. This sensation was started by M. Sarcey, and the astounding fact of a theatre or company being able to give three successive representations without possible offense to maiden ears strikes the French as the wonder of the century.

In consequence of Dixey's brilliant success in London, he had to decline to renew and continue his engagement at the Gaiety, and has come home. It was pure charity on Mr. Dixey's part. He feared that if he stayed longer he would bring back the gold of the Bank of England and leave London impoverished.

It is said that no more generous-hearted woman lives than Clara Louise Kellogg. Her voice may be going to its far-away home, but her heart is as it has always been, in the right place. All of which is to be played with the proverbial copper.

Signor Perugini (plain Johnny Chatterton) travels now with a valet. Mr. Chatterton personally gives one the impression of needing a wet nurse rather than a valet.

W. A. McConnell is authority for the statement that John Stetson is the father of E. T. Stetson, the gentleman who plays "Neck and Neck."

Louis De Lange was a lawyer, a clergyman and a dentist before making his debut on the stage. Such an experience would make a comedian out of any one if it did not make a corpse. As an actor, Louis combines all three of his former professions.

A life-size oil painting by a prominent metropolitan artist represents Miss Maddern in her favorite position, curled up on a lounge like a kitten. No woman can double herself up quite like Miss Maddern. This will come in handy during the season—this "doubling up" gift of Minnie's.

A paragraph is going the rounds that Minnie Maddern learned to dance in a convent. It is true that a certain style of dancing can be learned not in a convent, but in a young ladies' seminary attached to a convent, and it is also true that Miss Maddern has attended such a school. But it may be true, furthermore, that she was doing song and dance on the stage before she ever went near a convent. At all events, she was doing the S. and D. not very far from fourteen or fifteen years ago, when she was both very young and very small. Afterwards she left the stage and went once more to school.

Atkins Lawrence in the early part of August bargained to appear in "The Scapegoat" in this city. A few days since he notified the manager that as he is largely in arrears for alimony to his divorced wife, and that as he had vainly endeavored to effect a monetary compromise with her, it consequently would prove hazardous to him to appear here.

A Chicago, Ill., critic discovers that Sir Charles Young's "Jim the Penman" is adapted from Felix Philippi's five-act drama, "Der Advokat" ("The Attorney"). But it is added that the adaptation is a much better play than the original.

Ed. Harrigan's latest play is called "The O'Reagan's." It is in three acts and seven scenes, and is said to be the best thing in the comedy line he has ever attempted. Mr. Dave Abraham will, of course, furnish the music!

San Francisco air seems to have a very stimulating effect on the "profesh." George E. Osbourne, an actor who is playing *Cutermole* in "The Private Secretary" at the Alcazar theatre, got himself in trouble one morning at daylight. He was then under the influence of liquor, and being unable to obtain admission to his house at No. 26 Fulton street, smashed in the door, and then wreaked his vengeance by smashing crockery and everything else that came in his way. His wife—Jennie Gedge, an actress—came to the window to see what was up, and Osbourne fired one shot, which missed her. Three policemen, who were attracted by the shot, arrested Osbourne for being drunk, carrying a weapon, and for an assault to murder. Osbourne was suffering so much from the effects of liquor that he was removed from the New City Hall station to the Receiving Hospital, where the doctor said he was threatened with delirium tremens.

The private car in which the English actress, Adelaide Moore, travels this season will bear her name, and is said to be the most elaborate car ever built. It is from the workshops of the Mann Boudoir Car Company, and will be delivered to her Oct. 1.

Miss Viola Allen's company in "Talked About" has been completed by the engagement of J. N. Drew and Miss Florence Roberts. The season opens September 6 at the Walnut street theatre, Philadelphia. Miss Allen is one of the very few young actresses who prefer to depend upon true dramatic ability to win its own victory.

Marie Prescott has abandoned the idea of forming her company for the present, and probably will not go out at all this season, as it is rumored that she will retire from the stage altogether.

Mary Anderson has leased a place at Tunbridge Wells, and will go there to live very soon. She is now living in London. She will go to Rome this winter. It was her intention to take a two years' rest, but she has grown so strong this summer that she will probably shorten her vacation. Dr. Griffin recently said that Miss Anderson could now count on clearing \$75,000 a year whenever she plays. Her fortune, he said further, was invested in America.

Jacques Kruger, the comedian, was considerably annoyed recently by being confounded with another Jacques Kruger, a stupid Dutchman who tried to commit suicide on Long Island. The theatrical Kruger is happy, prosperous, fond of life, and going to spend the coming season on the boards as usual.

Billie Barlow has had some words with Dixey, and will not, consequently, come back to his company. She walked off, when the company sailed, with tears in her eyes.

WOODEN SPOON.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

They Fell Into a Tomb.

A young couple was strolling through the Western Cemetery, at Portland, Me., Sept. 7, when the moldering woodwork over a large tomb gave way and they fell sixteen feet downward among the dead. The tomb was filled with bodies. The unfortunate couple was alone in the cemetery, and could do nothing except shout, and at last Mr. James McDonald found them wedged in between coffins. Had the accident occurred a little later they might have remained for hours in this terrible place, as very few persons visit that part of the grounds. Both were badly injured, and the young lady received what, it is feared, may prove to be a great mental as well as physical shock.

Temperance Run Mad.

A telegram from Kennedy Station, on the line of the San Antonio and Arkansas Pass Railway, Texas, says an affray occurred between two Mexicans and two Americans on one side and officers on the other at Daleyville, Karnes county, three miles from Kennedy, at 2 o'clock Sept. 6, during the voting on the local option question. Sheriff Tate Elder, his brother, Deputy Sheriff B. Elder, and a Mr. Pullen were killed outright; Deputy Sheriff Jack Bailey and another member of the Pullen family were dangerously wounded, and County Attorney Graves, Deputy Sheriff Blair, Charles Dalley and W. G. Butler were slightly injured. The two Pullens were old men and were not engaged in the affray. They were hit by stray bullets. The Mexicans engaged in the shooting have escaped. County Attorney Graves has telegraphed to Governor Ireland for four rangers to aid in capturing the Mexicans and others engaged in the shooting. As the scene of the riot is some distance from a telegraph office the original cause of the trouble has not been made known. It is known, however, that the local option election was at the bottom of it.

Bouncing Coppers.

On Sunday evening a little after eight o'clock there was a lively fracas at the hotel in the Schuetzen Park, Philadelphia, which, however, had no connection with the Canstattter Volksfest. Mayor Smith had detailed nine policemen to go to the park on Sunday in citizen's clothes, although such detail was contrary to law and custom. According to Henry Schwelde, superintendent of the hotel, while the policemen were at supper in the back dining room one of them threw a glass of beer at a pug dog sitting on a chair at an adjoining table alongside of a woman. The beer splashed over the lady's dress, when her escort and the police engaged in a wrangle. Chris Krug, the proprietor of the park, took a hand in the affair and the police and citizens soon came to blows.

The police were finally ejected from the grounds by the crowd. They subsequently climbed the fence, returned and, gaining an entrance to the hotel from the rear, arrested Krug. A desperate struggle followed in which Krug was mercilessly beaten, dragged to the police van and locked up. He was released in a short time, but his head still shows the wear and tear of the policeman's clubs. The matter has been laid before Mayor Smith, who has promised a prompt and thorough investigation.

Tramps Sacking a Town.

Rumors of serious rioting at Campbell, Minn., the county seat of Wilkin County, came in by wire Sept. 7. The reports so far are very meagre, as Campbell is off the line of telegraph communication, but the situation is said to be of a grave nature. Tramps have taken possession of the town and are engaged in sacking the stores and private houses. The citizens are powerless to check them, but aid has been invoked from neighboring towns, and a conflict is deemed probable. The tramps are desperate and ready to fight. Governor Hubbard has received the following telegram:

BRECKENRIDGE, Sept. 7.—931 A. M.

GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA, St. Paul, Minn.:—
Tramps and rioters are in possession of Campbell. No Sheriff there. County Commissioners claim can do nothing. Want aid at once. D. FISHER.

In reply Governor Hubbard telegraphed to F. W. Arbuckle, Sheriff of Wilkin County, as follows:—
D. Fisher telegraphs me that Campbell is in possession of tramps and rioters and calls for aid. You are the proper officer to enforce order. If you are unable to do so and require aid, advise me.

L. F. HUBBARD, Governor.
A telegram was also sent to D. Fisher advising him of the telegram sent to Sheriff Arbuckle.

Beer Saloon on Car Wheels.

The ways of the heathen Chinese are deep and devious, and so are the ways of the lager beer man. It was announced and believed by all who attended the labor picnic that no lager beer could be had for love or money nearer than Albany or West Troy. But one man with an eye to speculation and an accurate knowledge of the foibles of man, and knowing well that a small fortune awaited the hero who would have the temerity to venture such a rash scheme, undertook to forestall the managers and rake in his pile.

So, with childlike blandness and a face as honest as the sun, he confidentially entered the railroad office and formally chartered a car and started on his expedition. He loaded up his platform car with lager (raised in Troy, and accordingly vile) and had it drawn upon a side track near the entrance to the grounds. Erecting a covering, rendering the appearance of his establishment much like that of the traveling gypsy, and hiring a negro to play on the famous negro musical instrument, he opened up. For awhile all went happily. The mob surged around him and eagerly sought the beverage, but his pathway to wealth was destined to suddenly grow rough. Ere long a special officer appeared on the scene, and then a cloud of portending trouble materialized. But before the man and his car could be gotten away the sale continued, the frightened though still greedy vender dispensing beer in fuming glasses from a moving train.

"Pay your money right in, my friends!" he cried, and, slipping down a coil, the thirsty drinkers grabbed for a mug.

May be they got it and may be they didn't. Just fancy a rapidly moving beer saloon, with a hooting, howling mob running after, hanging on the sides, clamoring for drink, and all the time the complacent vender endeavoring to supply all. Possibly the correct change was returned, but probably not.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



A New England Chippy.

Abby A. Monty, was arrested as a stubborn child, at her home in North Billerica, Mass., Tuesday, Aug. 30. In the Lowell, Mass., police court, Friday, Sept. 2, she was sentenced to the Lancaster Industrial School during her minority. She is but fifteen years old, and in conversation with our correspondent, after her incarceration, told a story of her three years life of shame that depicted a depravity seldom shown: In one of her years, and which was entirely premeditated and voluntary on her part, as she has respectable parents and a comfortable country home, free from many of the temptations of a city. Her recital was made of her own free will with an unmistakable degree of gratification to herself. It is best told in her own language. "I was born and lived until thirteen years old in North Billerica. When twelve I visited a neighbor, who is one of the pillars of the local church and not finding his daughter on whom I called to spend the afternoon at home, I sauntered into the barn, where, after much persuasion and force, the deacon accomplished my ruin. Under promise of money, if I kept the matter a secret, this man was intimate criminally with me for a year, but wanting some one nearer my own age, I made the acquaintance of several of the village youth, who paid me much attention, and at thirteen I commenced a life of shame. I, during that summer, ran away from home and joined Doris' circus as an equestrian, having always been a fearless horsewoman. My fickle disposition at this time began to assert itself, and I soon tired of this life and entered a house of ill-fame at Providence, R. I. I made a tour of all the better class houses of the city, never remaining more than a week or ten days in a place, and being young and, as I was often told, good looking, and having a good figure, I readily found a place of residence. About a year ago I went to Boston and entered the bungalow of Nell Smith and stayed there about my usual time. I then followed up the experience I had in Providence, R. I., until I became acquainted with a song and dance artist performing at Keith & Batchelder's Dime Museum. He became infatuated with me and taught me to dance and as I had a good voice, being an apt scholar, I soon appeared with him upon the stage in double song and dance sketches. I soon tired of him and ran away. I next brought up in Portland and thence went to Bangor, in each place following a life of shame. During these trips from place to place I would occasionally make a visit at my home but not to remain any length of time."

On being asked why she was arrested she said. "I had been home for several days entertaining 'the boys' of my native town, and as my father had forbidden the hotel keeper from letting me rooms, I took my company to a neighbor's barn where the man had, knowing my besetting sin, fitted up a room for me. I had ever since my return home been keeping irregular hours and having considerable fun much to the gratification of the 'jays' but much against the wishes of my father, who, by the way, is a hard-working honest man. On Monday evening before my arrest I went off with my 'latest mash' and stayed all night in my barn parlor. I wore a pretty congenial time, and at 5 o'clock I arose and went home. This was the last straw. On letting me in my father said 'I will see to this.' I went up stairs to bed. He hitched up his horse and drove to Lowell for a warrant, and here I am."

"Do you feel sorry that you are to be sent away?" "Not by a damn sight. They can't curb me by any such treatment. I have started out on a track that I shall follow when I can."

The scene in court as the broken-hearted father testified against his wayward daughter was touching in the extreme; but the girl stood unmoved during the hearing, and received her sentence with as much nonchalance as if she was about to start to a picnic. As the officer took her to the train she cursed her parents and swore she would play them a dirty trick at the first opportunity. When her father attempted to bid her good-bye she offered as a farewell, "G—t—h—."

A TRIP THROUGH THE MUD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Plump and pretty Fannie Beane, the well-known soubrette of Miner's theatre, related the following adventure the other day:

"You know I have been spending some time at Hammel Station, Rockaway," she said. "Miss Nina Bach, our lovely songstress, and her sister, Mrs. Lawyer Wagner, were with me, and gay times we had, going on clam bakes, boating and bathing. It's a delightful little spot, and we only had one unpleasant experience while there."

"What was that?" Well, you shall hear. You know

sometimes time hangs heavy, and last Friday we three ladies didn't know how to amuse ourselves. Finally crabbing suggested itself as a novel amusement, and it did not take us ten minutes to put on our broad-brimmed hats, long gloves and muslin dresses and rush down to the beach.

"We hired the nicest little boat," continued Miss Beane, "and we rowed gayly along, Miss Bach singing snatches of song and the bait and nets in the bottom of the boat ready for the crabs."

"We shall catch enough for supper," said I, but we didn't. We took the wrong direction, and the first thing we knew were landed high and dry on a big oyster bed. We all tugged at the oars, but to no purpose. There we were, stuck fast in an inch or two of water and a fathom of midnight mud. By and by we concluded to wait an hour or two. It was only 3 o'clock, so that when the tide came in we could get off the mud bank."

"We watched the oysters and the widening strip of mud. I asked Miss Bach if she could not sing 'When the Flowing Tide Comes In,' but she had not the proper audience and refused."

"Presently we heard terrible shouting, and of course thought the 'Prince' had come, but it was only old Martin Gaboni, the watchman of Mr. Hammond Smith's extensive oyster beds."

"What are ye doin' here?" he called. "You've done \$50 worth of damage."

"We mildly said we couldn't help it, and would he please get us off the mud. He had on great rubber boots and gallantly came to our assistance, but the boat wouldn't move."

"Well, you'd have to stay where ye are until 9 o'clock the night!" he kindly told us. But we said we wouldn't and we couldn't."

"Well, then, ye'll have to pick up your skirts and step out in the mud. I'll come up to ye knees, but won't do ye any damage."

"After a long debate we decided to risk it. So taking of our shoes, which would have been lost in the mud, and tucking up our skirts we stepped from the boat into the mud. I thought I would sink through to China the first step, but didn't. We walked the distance, three city blocks, in that mud to St. Helene's Island, and then the old man took us home in his boat. It was a dreadful experience, but was better than staying in that boat six solid hours on a mud bank. Of course we didn't catch a crab, but they came near catching us as we chased through that mud."

CHIEF GERONIMO.

[With Portrait.]

"There has not been such a warrior as Geronimo since the days of Red Boy," says Indian Commissioner Atkins. "He has subsisted on the roots of the desert and the serpents of the mountains for nearly two years. He has been his own commissary and chief of transportation. He has worn out an army, and has kept a vast region of country in terror. Part of the time he has been wounded and sick; his barbarous heroism and endurance are unsurpassed by anything in history."

"There are a good many points about this wonderful campaign that the public at large are not familiar with. The revolt that has just been brought to a close by this capture was started by a woman, the wife of Chief Mangus. She is a woman of great force of character, and strikingly intellectual for a squaw. She planned the escape and urged the band to desperate deeds. She was the Joan of Arc of the Apache race. The escape of Geronimo from Fort Apache took place on May 17, 1885. With him he took thirty-four bucks, eight boys and ninety-one women. They traveled 120 miles before camping, and their pursuers were not upon their tracks, but they didn't get in sight of the Indians. For hundreds of miles this chase was kept up until Geronimo was in the fastnesses of the mountains. Finally after a desperate campaign he was captured by Gen. Crook, but was only held one night, when he escaped again. A few nights after this escape he returned into the fort with four bucks, and, seizing a white woman, told her that if she did not tell him where his wife's tent was he would kill her. The woman pointed out the squaw's tent. Geronimo took his wife and was again at large, having accomplished one of the most daring and heroic deeds ever recorded. Now that he is captured after such a desperate chase he will undoubtedly be hurried East with all possible haste. Gen. Miles will take good care that he does not again escape. It would be a reflection upon the General that he will take good care not to have occur if this desperado should again get at large."

JAMES GLYNN.

[With Portrait.]

This coming champion was born in Boston in 1864 but has grown up in the eastern district of Brooklyn. He commenced his career as a collar-and-elbow wrestler with the great Jack Dempsey. Soon afterward he took to boxing by whipping Cooker Burns in six rounds; one month later he downed Frank Williams in short order, whom he again knocked out at Bridgeport. Jim Edmonds was Glynn's next victim. He was then engaged by Billy Madden to meet all comers, which he did in quick order, always coming out victorious. He was next matched to fight Jim Fell by the members of the Racquet Club, but Fell complained of a sore wrist, and Tom Fay, of England, was substituted, who was promptly put to sleep by a right-hand upper cut. He met and defeated Paddy Baine, of Canada, received forfeit from Con Tobin and Jack Lynch. Jim Donnelly, of Paterson, was next whipped by the strong young fellow whose portrait we publish on another page. Glynn has recently bloomed out as the proprietor of a sporting house on Grand street, Brooklyn, where he is ready to meet any of the heavy-weight champions, excepting none."

A REAL PRODIGAL SON.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The harmony of a social reception the other night at the residence of Mr. M. C. Baker, No. 3,025 Michigan avenue, Chicago, was sadly jarred by the appearance of Mr. Baker's son in an advanced state of intoxication. Seeing that he was unfit to mingle in the select company there assembled, his family tried to induce the young man to go to bed, or at least to keep out of the reception rooms. Finding their persuasions useless, they locked the parlor door against him. This action put the son in a state of frenzy. He procured an ax or hatchet, and with it battered in the door which had been locked. His attack was so furious that the panels and casing both gave away and a panic was spread among the guests. Some person had the presence of mind to summon

the police, and in a few minutes the patrol wagon of the Cottage Grove avenue station drew up in front of Mr. Baker's stately home, but the officers could not find the erratic youth, he having secured at least temporary liberty by flight. This unpleasant incident had the effect of putting a damper on the pleasures of the evening, and shortly after the gathering dispersed."

KNOCKED SILLY WITH AN UMBRELLA.

[Subject of Illustration.]

All Hoboken, N. J., that lives anywhere near the City Hall, was interested the other evening in seeing a small, unprepossessing, wiry woman frantically hammering with a silk umbrella a tall, fine looking girl, punctuating her blows with exclamations like "I'll show you!" "I'll teach you better than to break up my home!" "You will run away with my husband, eh?" The tall woman was unable to do anything but writhe and scream beneath the blows, and when an officer arrived she was lying senseless on the ground, while the small woman, exhausted, leaned up against the fence, with the wreck of the umbrella in her hand. The women and three others who were with them were taken to the station house, the tall one having to be carried and frequently going into convulsions. There the little woman said:

"I am Johanna Braitfield and I live in Brooklyn. The woman whom I thrashed—and I'm glad I thrashed her good—is named Gusie Frickel. We were friends, but when my husband got familiar with her his love for me became chilled. A year ago he abandoned me and I found that he was a frequent visitor at Miss Frickel's house. I was told, and I believe it, that she induced my husband to leave me and that they lived together. I think he is in Philadelphia now, but I don't know. I came over to Hoboken to find my husband, if I could, and to give Miss Frickel a good beating, if I met her."

Miss Frickel was revived by the police surgeon, but was so prostrated as to be unable to make any statement. Her sister said that there was no foundation for Mrs. Braitfield's story; that Gusie had nothing at all to do with the woman's husband, and that she had been sick at her home for a year. Braitfield had not called at the house but once in six months. Mrs. Braitfield was locked up and still remains in a cell, being unable to procure bail.

The examination had to be postponed, because Miss Frickel was not able to appear in court. Her doctor said that the nervous prostration consequent on the affair might confine her to bed for several weeks. Her family is a well-known and respectable one in Hoboken."

WAVING THE RED FLAG.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Three thousand Chicago Socialists and their sympathizers took the train for Sheffield, Ind., to attend the picnic given by the Socialist Publishing Company for the purpose of raising money for the defence of the condemned Anarchists. Among those present were Gen. Parsons, brother of A. R. Parsons; Balthazar Rau, Christ Spies, Ferdinand Spies and others of the former leaders. The father of Oscar Neebe and Dr. Ernst Schmidt also attracted attention. Admiring crowds gathered around Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. Schwab, both of whom talked loudly and defiantly of anarchy, present and to come. After speeches by French and Germans a song in German was sung to the tune of the "Marseillaise" with great enthusiasm, and then Mrs. A. R. Parsons stepped to the front and was greeted with great applause. She was as pronounced as ever in her speech, bitterly denouncing the whole proceedings of the courts."

HER BALLOON BURST 300 FEET IN THE AIR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Miss Lulu Bates, of Cincinnati made an ascension in a gas balloon from the fair grounds, at Crawfordsville, Ind., Sept. 10, and came near losing her life. When five miles north and a half a mile above the earth she attempted to descend. The grappling hook caught, but the anchorage was broken by a strong wind, which carried her among some trees, where the balloon was torn. The hooks gave way again, and she shot up 300 feet, when the balloon suddenly burst and the basket descended like lightning. She had the presence of mind to brace herself firmly against the top of the basket, and this saved her life. She was badly jarred, however."

PIERCE AND LAFFERTY.

[With Portraits.]

It is alleged at Des Moines, Ia., that these two very uninteresting-looking bottle snatchers, who are said to represent the very moral Prohibition party, have recently fallen so far down the hill as to visit a poor widow's grocery at night and upset her humble household to find only a half gallon jug of whiskey in her private closet. If this is prohibition we should like to know it."

CHARLES GILDAY

[With Portrait.]

This sterling young comedian, whose record has already been printed in this paper, is portrayed elsewhere."

BUILDING A CHURCH.

What One-fifth of a Ticket in The Louisiana State Lottery Will Do.

A few weeks ago the Blade noticed the dedication of the German Evangelical Lutheran church, near the corner of Broadway and Walbridge avenue. The church remains partially unfinished for lack of funds.

Last Saturday evening Mr. Henry Sass, 29 Western avenue, received \$2,000. Mr. Sass held one-fifth of ticket No. 77,227, which drew the second capital prize of \$25,000 in the drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery Company on July 13.

Mr. Sass is a member of the German Lutheran church, of which Rev. A. B. Weber is pastor. He will loan at a low rate this \$2,000 to the new church, which but for the aid thus rendered would remain unfinished for lack of funds.

Mr. Sass is an honest German tailor nearly seventy years of age. He has been a resident of this country about twenty years. By his needle he has supported and raised a large family. He is very popular in the neighborhood where he lives, and the people there rejoice with him in his good fortune.

This is the second time within the last few months that \$5,000 prizes have been drawn by citizens in the Fifth ward.—Toledo (Ohio) Blade, July 27.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Mr. Edward Burgess, whose picture appears herewith, took a sudden leap from comparative obscurity into public prominence a year ago, when the famous sloop Puritan astonished everybody by her magnificent sailing in the contests for the America's cup. The designer of the Puritan and Mayflower had a liking for yachting as long ago as 1853, when he began preparation for entering Harvard College, and his interest in the pastime has steadily increased through all the years he has followed it. Although mathematics was always a favorite study with Mr. Burgess, he did not begin to apply it to naval architecture until 1882, and his first big venture was with the Puritan. Among the vessels he has designed may be mentioned the cutter Rondina, schooner Sachem, steam yacht Hannel, sloop Puritan and Mayflower, catboats Wrath, Grimalkin and others. However, he does not purpose resting on the laurels having designed a sloop to beat the Puritan, he is determined to improve on the Mayflower. If that is possible, and will try to demonstrate that there is something beside "Burgess' luck" in the success of the boats he has turned out. Ever since the formation of the Eastern Yacht Club he has been one of its most active and earnest workers, and is to-day its secretary and treasurer."

Thomas Lees.

We recently published Lees' performances in the prize ring in this paper.

Doc. Brown.

Every one in Chicago knows Doc. Brown, the famous light-weight boxer, whose portrait appears in this issue. Brown is a clever, scientific aspirant for title fame, and he is a candidate for the light-weight championship. Charles E. Davies, the well-known sporting boniface of Clark street, is Brown's backer."

Dr. A. S. Mayo.

It is alleged that Dr. Mayo, who held the position of Clerk of Powhattan County and Circuit Courts in Virginia, is a defaulter and that he is wanted by the law officers of the said county on some dozen or more charges of embezzlement of the public funds, etc. It is supposed he has joined the American colony in Canada."

Walter W. Osmun.

Walter W. Osmun, champion one-legged skater of the world, was born in Michigan, is seventeen years old, weighs 130 pounds, and stands 5 feet 5 inches in height. His first race was with Albert Shock of Chicago, Osmun skating one mile on one leg, while Shock skated one and a half miles on both legs. Osmun won in 4 minutes 57½ seconds. His second race was a mile dash with Benjamin Serrey at Milwaukee, for the championship of the Northwest, Osmun winning in 4 minutes and 42½ seconds."

He also holds the championship of Wisconsin for from five to two hundred miles. Ten hour record, 136½ miles."

Ike Montgomery.

One of the well-known Wyoming boys is Ike, or, as the Indians call him, "Wah-chiesta chiesta" (the bad white man), is of Irish blood. He first settled in Illinois, but his daring spirit soon brought him West where, under the able training of such hardy and skilled mountaineers and frontiersmen as Macarger, McIntosh, Perkins and Jim Baker, he became what he is, a daring spirit, always foremost where danger threatens among the mountains and the snow drifts. As the Indians are now quiet, and these are days of peace, his natural love of adventure caused him to take the abandoned mail route known as the "Hahn's Peak Snow Shoe Route," the engagements of which he was able to fulfill, and he found time as well in the fearful storms on that rocky mountain trail to save many a poor fellowman from a snowy shroud."

Charles H. Fourton.

Charles H. Fourton, is 28 years old and of French parents, and is a native of New Orleans. He joined the St. John Rowing Club in 1880, and since then he has won fifteen handsome gold medals. In the same year he joined the Young Men's Gymnastic Club, and at their tournament last May he captured seven prizes for running, jumping, standing high jump, etc. He is one of the best all-around athletes in the South. His feat of 120 yards over ten hurdles has never yet been surpassed by any athlete in the South or West."

Since the 27th of May up to the 21st of August he has captured eleven prizes for boating and gymnastic feats."

The Crescent City feels proud of her worthy son, and the Gymnastic Club is ever ready to back him against any athlete of his age and weight in America."

He is a bookkeeper for Messrs. Fazende & Seixas, private bankers, and is a thorough gentleman."



MR. CHARLES KRULL,
A FESTIVE DEALER IN HIDES WHO PREFERRED
THE FAIR WIDOW'S SOCIETY, BUFFALO, N. Y.



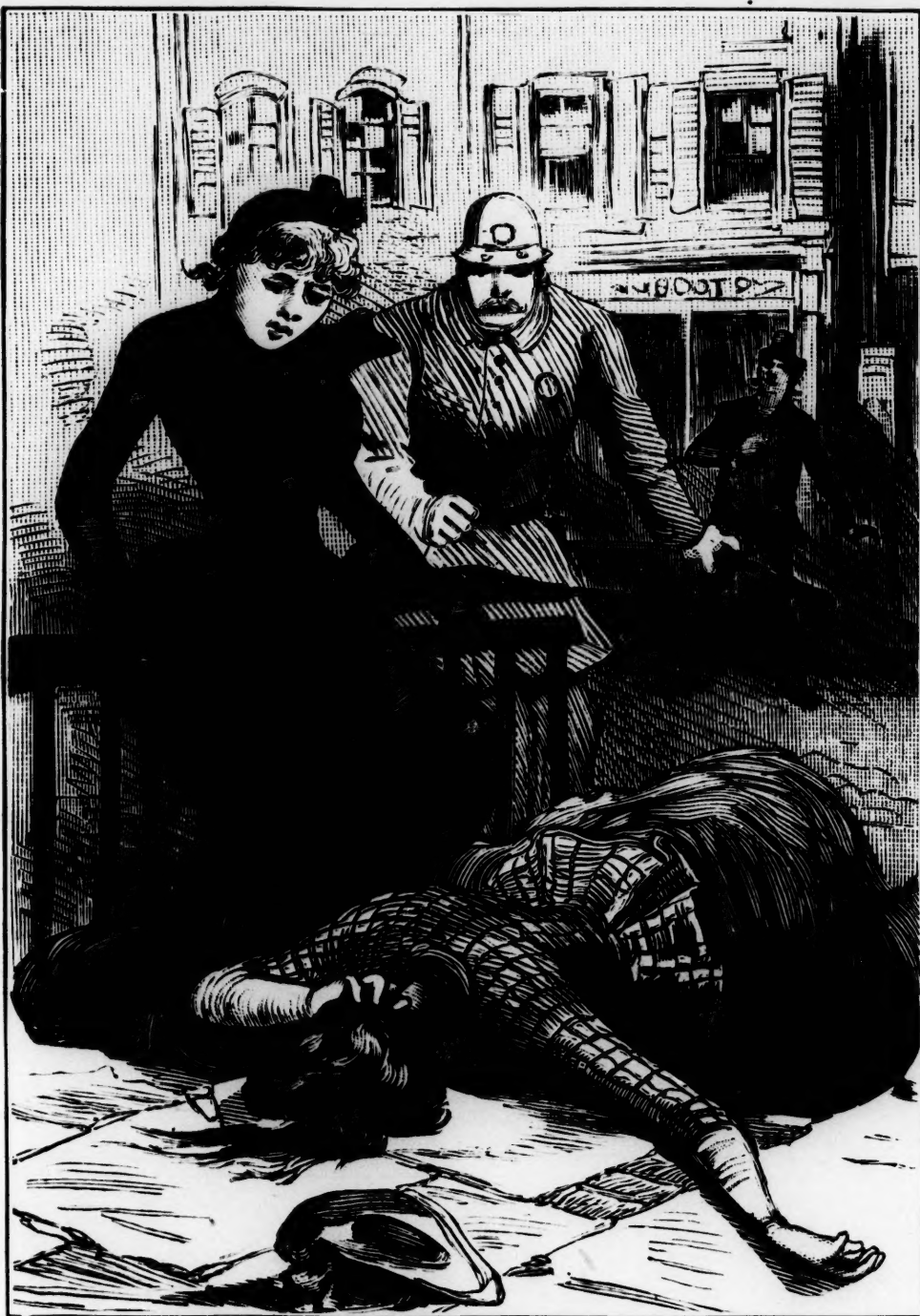
MRS. NANCY SCHAEFFER,
THE WINNING WIDOW WHO IS ACCUSED OF LEAD-
ING CHARLES KRULL AWAY, BUFFALO, N. Y.



DR. A. S. MAYO,
THE ALLEGED DEFAULTING CLERK OF POWHATAN
COUNTY AND CIRCUIT COURTS OF VIRGINIA.



IKE MONTGOMERY,
THE BRAVE MAIL CARRIER OF THE "HAINES PEAK
SNOW SHOE ROUTE," WYOMING.



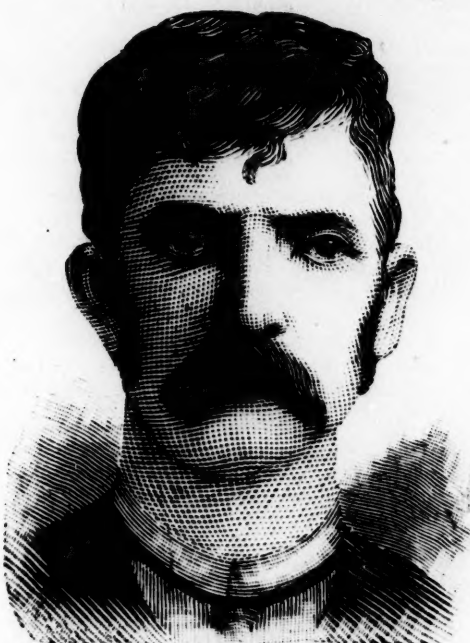
A SHADY AFFAIR.

LITTLE MRS. BRAITFIELD OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., PUNISHES TALL MISS FRICKEL OF
HOBOKEN, N. J.



BURST IN MID-AIR.

MISS LULU BATES OF CINCINNATI ESCAPES BY A MIRACLE FROM A COLLAPSED
BALLOON, THREE HUNDRED FEET IN THE AIR.



FRANK PIERCE,
ONE OF THE ALLEGED TEMPERANCE SPIES WHO
IS SPOILING TRADE IN DES MOINES, IA.



"BALDY" LAFFERTY,
PIERCE'S PAL WHO IS ACCUSED OF DOING THE
SNEAK ACT AROUND DES MOINES SALOONS.



GERONIMO,
THE CHIEF OF THE CHIRICAHUA APACHES
RECENTLY RECAPTURED BY GEN. MILES.

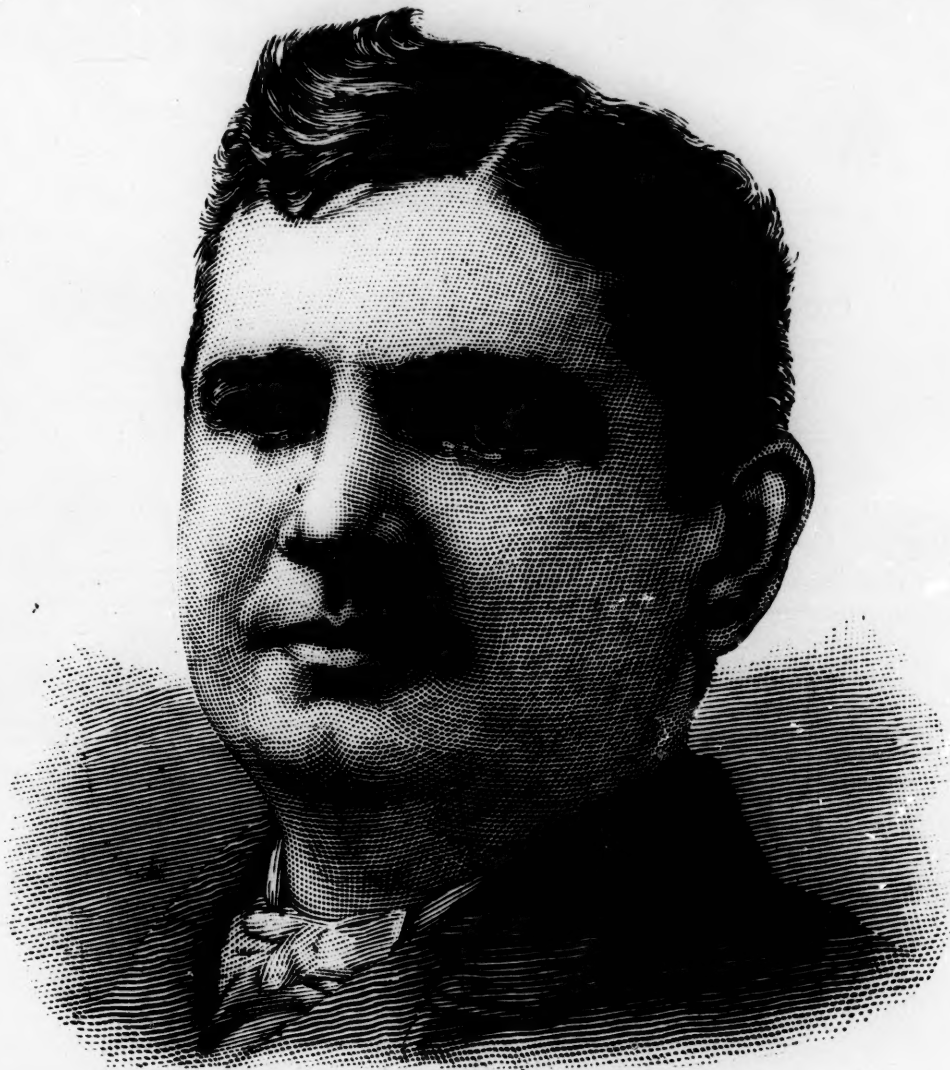


MASON PELL HELMBOLD,
THE ALLEGED SON OF MILLIONAIRE DR. HELM-
BOLD ARRESTED FOR SWINDLING, ALBANY, N. Y.



FANNIE BEANE.

THE CHARMING AND WELL KNOWN SOUBRETTE, NOW OF THE "COLLARS AND CUFFS" COMPANY.



CHARLES GILDAY.

THE POPULAR AND VERSATILE YOUNG LEADING COMEDIAN, NOW OF THE "COLLARS AND CUFFS" COMPANY.



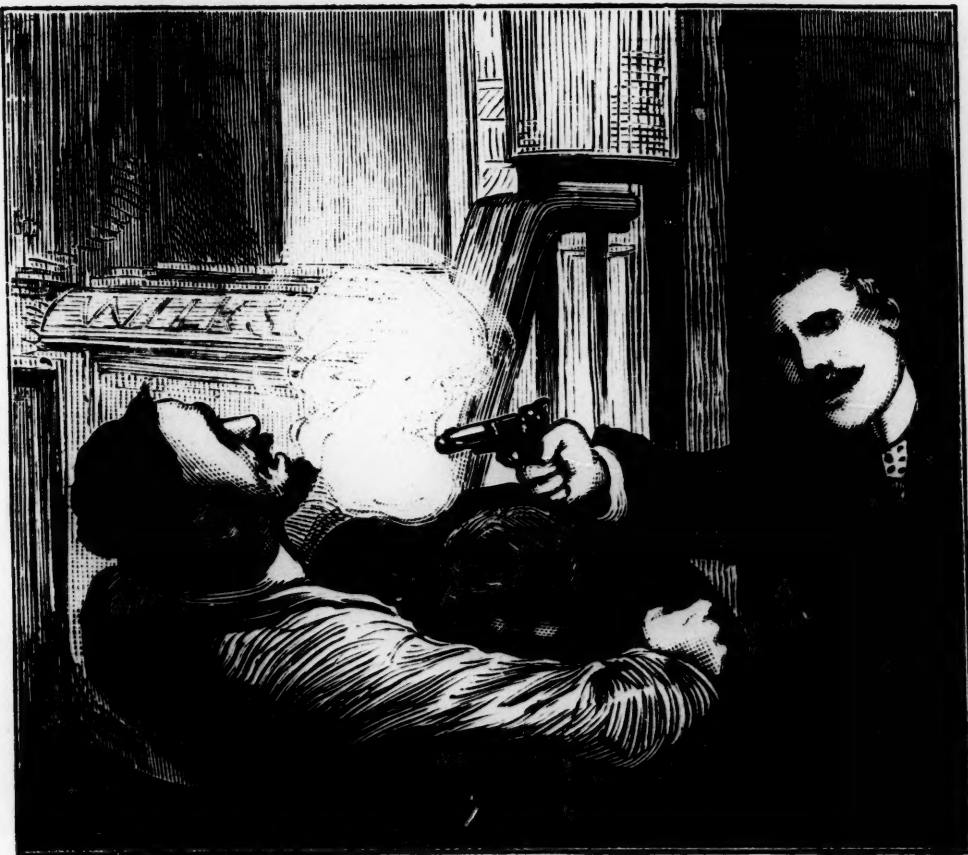
A HOT CONTEST.

TWO RESIDENTS OF WILKESBARRE, PENNSYLVANIA, EAT CAYENNE PEPPER FOR A WAGER.



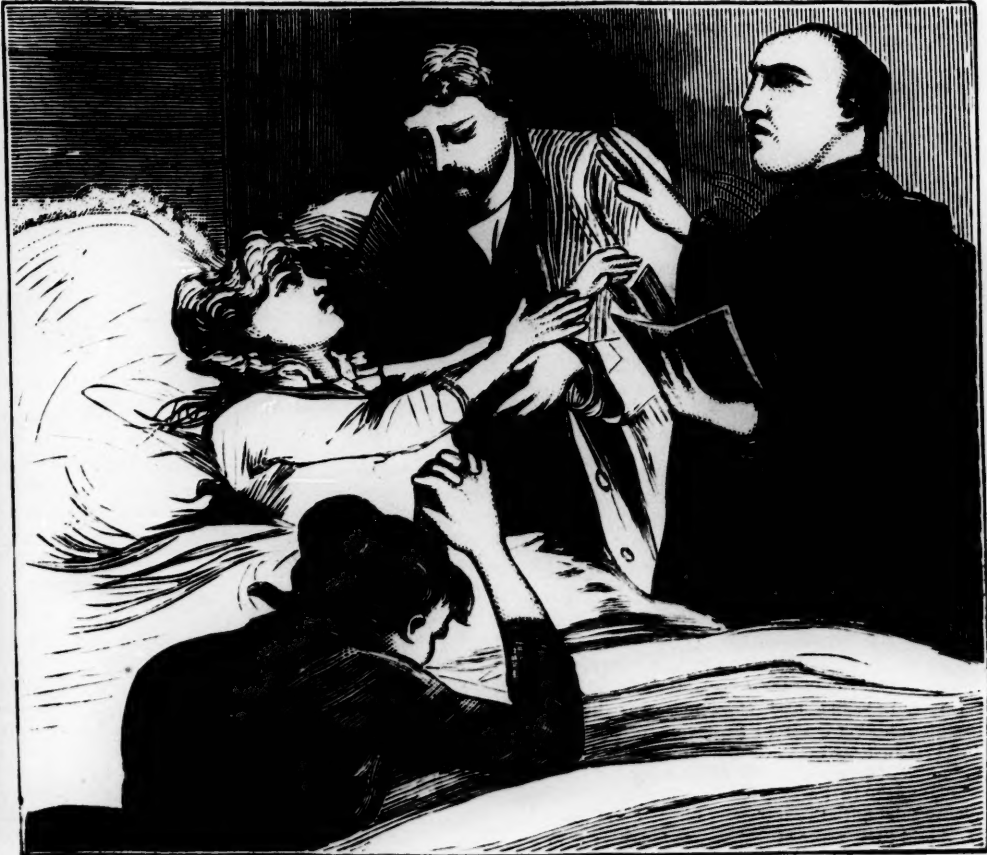
BEER ON WHEELS.

HOW A TROY, N. Y., SALOON-KEEPER GOT ROUND THE TEMPERANCE RULES AT THE LABOR PICNIC.



A DESPERATE DUEL.

EDITOR J. T. DARLINGTON HAS A FATAL DIFFICULTY WITH A NEIGHBOR AT HORSE PASTURE, HENRY CO., VA.



WEDDED TO A DYING GIRL.

THE MELANCHOLY CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH MISS NELLIE JOHNSON OF WORCESTER, MASS., BECAME A BRIDE.

SEDGWICK.

The Alleged Escapade of Our
Special Envoy at the Mex-
ican Capital.

A QUEER STORY.

Can the Constantly Repeated Narrative
Be True?

So many conflicting reports have been made concerning the recent escapade of Envoy Sedgwick at the City of Mexico that it has been difficult to arrive at the exact facts in the case. An El Paso letter of Sept. 3, to the Galveston News—a good Democratic authority—gives the following as the true story of the disgraceful affair:

The News correspondent conversed with a number of persons, strangers to each other, who had just arrived from the City of Mexico. They say that the half has not been told in the Sedgwick scandal. They are all respectable and trustworthy men, whose names can be given when necessary. The stories they tell agree substantially, and one will do for a sample. The News informant was an eye witness to part of the occurrence related, while he is intimately connected with other respectable persons who witnessed other parts of it. The whole city of Mexico is talking about



In the hands of Mexican dudes.

It, he said, and the Americans feel the national disgrace keenly. There is no question whatever that the main points of the story against Sedgwick are true. It is a matter of public knowledge, and the American consul has officially reported it to Secretary Bayard.

"What were the circumstances as you understood them?" asked the reporter.

The reply was: "I stopped at the Iturbide Hotel, the same at which Mr. Sedgwick stayed. The first I knew of my own knowledge was Saturday morning about 6 o'clock, when Mr. Sedgwick came in, accompanied by some Mexican dudes, after his night of revel. It is, as I understand, a matter of common knowledge that almost as soon as Mr. Sedgwick arrived in the city he became intimate with the Jockey Club, composed of wealthy but rather fast young men. These fast young men invited him to an entertainment at the club house Friday evening. He went. As I said before, it was 6 o'clock in the morning when he returned to his hotel, and then he did not remain, as you will see. My informants say that in the early part of the evening there was a great cordiality shown Mr. Sedgwick, who repeatedly expressed his friendship for the Mexicans and his desire for peace and good will between the two Republics. As the evening flew on the wine flew faster, and one party became uproarious and the other maudlin. Mr. Sedgwick's protestations of friendship became more ardent. He reads Spanish, but does not speak it well, and was



Uproariously gayed and insulted.

unable to understand what they were saying about him.

"When the Mexicans saw that he was drunk they began to guy him and take advantage of his ignorance of the language. There were no ladies present.

"At this time they began to drink toasts, Sedgwick drinking with them. Of course, they made up the most vile, indecent and obscene toasts they could think of, applying them to Sedgwick personally and to the United States government and to the American people. Sedgwick was either too full or too ignorant of the language to know what the toasts were, so they made him drink to the shame of himself and his country. Amid their roars of boisterous laughter they applied to him and his countrymen the vilest epithets, and then slapped him on the back approvingly when he drank them with gusto. They kept this up till morning.

"There is a part of the published story that is not

true. They did not festoon him with flowers and put a placard on his back. They did put a flower in his hat; that soon fell out."

As to what happened at the Iturbide hotel: It was there that I became an eye witness. The other things that I have related as they are commonly reported and believed in Mexico. You know the Iturbide is built like a hollow square, with a large courtyard in the center. Mr. and Mrs. D—, of Chihuahua, who were then stopping there, saw what happened. Sedgwick and a party of Mexicans came in at six o'clock



She sits on his liver-pan.
(From a sketch by a correspondent.)

Saturday morning to the central court, all very drunk and uproarious. Among them, they began dancing in imitation of the can-can. Sedgwick wanted to go to bed, but the others would not let him.

They proposed to go to a noted disreputable resort of Americans known as the Four Minnies. Mr. Sedgwick appeared to understand only that it was something about women, and was off with them in a moment. They went to Minnie's and were ushered into a room with some of the abandoned women of the house. It is alleged that while Sedgwick was reclining on a sofa with two of them he suddenly fell forward on the floor in a dead stupor. The Mexicans pulled his legs out straight and turned him over on his back. Two of them then mounted his body, and, flapping their arms for wings, emitted the triumphant crow of a rooster. Turning to the girls, all of whom are Americans, they said: "See what fine representatives your government sends here to investigate the Mexicans. Here is a fair sample of your countrymen."

After this the proprietress of the house took possession of his watch and money for safe keeping and had him carried to a room alone and locked in. At half-past ten Saturday morning two American gentlemen, who had heard of the affair, went to Minnie's in a closed carriage to take him away. He would not go with them. It is alleged that through the crack of the



Putting a flower in his hat.

door he made this reply to their entreaties: "You go to h—l, I know what I am about. I can take care of myself, and you will take care of me, won't you girls?" He did, it is averred, not leave Minnie's until two o'clock that day, and remained in his room at the Iturbide until Sunday.

Sunday the American Consul, General Porch, accompanied by two well known American citizens, asked him what he was going to do about it. Mr. Sedgwick, it is alleged, expressed contrition, said he had only a faint recollection of what had happened, and asked to be informed of the particulars. They were related to him and it is alleged that he begged the consul and the other gentlemen to keep the matter quiet and not let it become public.

One of them replied: "It has become public already, and, more than that, I fear it will get into the papers up North."

"My God!" Sedgwick is alleged to have replied, "has it come to that?"

He then begged the three gentlemen to use their best endeavors to hush the scandal up, and they promised to do so, Sedgwick promising it is claimed, to have nothing more to do with the members of the Jockey Club, against which he had been warned when he first came to the city; but that very evening he dined with some members of the club, and they, it is said, urged him to deny the whole thing and they would back him up in it, while money or other pressure would make the proprietor of the hotel do the same.

"Monday morning, and this I saw myself," said the News informant, "he was walking on the street arm in arm with two of the same men who had got him into

trouble. That afternoon a meeting of the American residents was called to consider what it was best to do. I was present at this meeting. Gen. Frisbie, a highly-honored American resident, was the chairman. I was obliged to leave before the end of the meeting, but while I was there the Consul-General said: 'Gentlemen, I want to read you a telegram which I sent today to Secretary Bayard. I sent it on my own responsibility as Consul, but if you approve it so much the better.' He then read, which, as nearly a copy as I can remember, was as follows:



CITY OF MEXICO, Aug. 30.
To the Hon. T. F. Bayard, Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.:

"The special representative of the United States, Mr. Sedgwick, has disgraced himself and his country, bringing shame to the face of every American in this



A diplomatic can can.

city. The American citizens here ask his immediate recall. It is sufficient to say that he was found drunk in houses of assignation.

"Why," said the News informant, "some of these old resident Americans in the City of Mexico couldn't speak of it without their eyes filling and their voices faltering they felt so bad about the national disgrace."

TARRED AND FEATHERED.

An Ohio Farmer Outrageously Abused by his Towns-
men.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Simon Dolph, of Mansfield, Ohio, will file in court a petition for \$20,000 damages against twelve farmers including two women. While Dolph was going after his cows just before sunset a week ago a sentinel on the road fired a shot, at which signal four men rushed out from a cornfield upon Dolph. He was too much for them and four more men appeared and he was bound.



Taking charge of his valuables.

His wife was driven away at the muzzle of guns. She tolled the farm bell and one of the neighbors responded, but was driven away under threat of death. A rope was placed around Dolph's neck, and he was dragged through the woods, the rope was then thrown over a limb and he was pulled up. When he recovered

his senses he was lying on a log and a man was blowing into his mouth. He was taken thence to a graveyard where he was stripped. Tar was rubbed over his body and he was commanded to roll in several bushels of feathers. The crowd then padded feathers on him and put a mass in his hair, sticking rooster feathers on his head to make it look like an Indian. He was then



He won't go home till morning.

pulled with the rope around his neck over stones and bushes and marched to the village of Rome. There a bonfire was built, around which the men forced him to march to music. The inhabitants of the village turned out to see the sight but no effort was made to rescue the tortured man. He was punched with sticks, kicked and terribly beaten. He appealed to a justice of the peace and a constable for help, but they said they could do nothing. The ten men marched him around town, and each giving a paring kick started him home, where he arrived several hours afterward, nearly dead. Before releasing him the captain of the gang ordered him to leave town within ten days, or they would kill him and his family and burn his premises. The neighbors charged Dolph with talking scandalously about all the women in the neighborhood, which he indignantly denies. Warnings had been given him to leave the country three days before the outrage by two masked men and again the night before by two women in disguise. He refused to obey. One man was shot during the melee. Many of the accused are wealthy. Several have already left the country, and others are preparing to leave.

IN SPITE OF GOOD TEACHING.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Ching Wing Lee and Wing Sing, laundrymen of New London, Conn., went to Sunday school regularly, and the principles of the Gospel took so firm a root in their hearts and they seemed so loving and bland that their pious teacher gave them a handsome curtain to encourage them. On Monday Ching Wing Lee, who had lain awake over night and figured out that the whole curtain rightfully belonged to him, with an axe began to knock out the boards that held the curtain before the window in the shop. Wing Sing, who also had not slept much, thinking about the curtain, with its pretty pictures of humming birds and busy bees diving into painted flowers in the corners, approached Ching Wing and told him to stop chopping, as the Sunday school curtain was all his. Mr. Lee's response was to clip a piece out of Mr. Sing's temple with his axe, and Sing fell down bathed in gore.

On the following day Mr. Sing came into the Police



Laid up for repairs.

Court with his physician and lawyer, and Mr. Lee sat in the prison box beside a policeman. Several witnesses appeared, all Chinamen. None of the party could speak English except one of the witnesses, and all he knew was "dam liar," "sass everybody." He repeated those expressions in a monotonous, perfunctory tone, in spite of orders to desist, and the Court had him put out of the room. In the ante room he kept on repeating "dam liar," "sass everybody," and the officer put him out of the building, and he returned to the laundry still reciting his lesson.

Ching Wing Lee paid \$30 for his assault on Wing Sing and then the latter angrily addressed the Court in Chinese, arraigning American justice, it was surmised, because Mr. Lee was not compelled to pay Mr. Sing's doctor's bill. The curtain is still with Lee.

A PEPPER EATING CONTEST.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Quite a number of interested people assembled on the river bank at Wilkesbarre, Pa., the other evening to witness a pepper eating match between a Spaniard named Gonzales Espino and a colored man named Bill Smith. The former won, he having poured down his Castilian throat no less than three table-spoonfuls of presumably hot cayenne, while his opponent could only get away with a half a spoonful. It was subsequently hinted that the Spaniard played it on the darkest by substituting at the last moment a weak preparation that looked like but was not pepper. It is rumored that another contest will take place soon.

A FATAL LEAP

A Man On His Wedding Trip
Jumps from a Rushing
Train.

INSANE FROM EXCITEMENT

Tearing Himself From the Grasp of
His Distracted Bride he Leaps to
His Death.

"This train is going straight into the river! See the lights dancing out yonder," exclaimed a young man named Levi M. Brobst, aged thirty years, on the midnight express the night of Sept. 7, which was speeding toward Reading at thirty-five miles per hour. He had suddenly jumped from his seat, and his terrified young bride hastily seized him by the coat and piteously pleaded with him to be seated, "that all was going on well, and that he was near his old home once more."

"No; let me go! I am tired of riding. I'll leave the train."

The young wife maintained her hold on her now dejected husband, and begged assistance from Mrs. High an elderly lady of the wedding party, seated behind them. Mrs. High also took hold of Mr. Brobst and tried to soothe and restrain him, unavailingly, however. The powerfully-built young man made a mad plunge from the women, but only the pale, frightened wife's hold was loosened. Mrs. High held on to his coat tightly, but Brobst literally dragged her along until his garment tore, and Mrs. High fell back violently to the car floor.

Realizing that he was free, and before any of the now startled and amazed passengers, many of whom had been aroused from slumber, could interfere, young Brobst shrieked at the top of his voice, "Good-by, Gussie!" jerked open the door, gained the platform, and in the next second leaped out into the darkness as the train thundered ahead.

Down a steep bank of rocks near Annville young Brobst rolled, while his wife swooned and fainted on the car seat. The train was quickly stopped and backed. Brakemen with lamps found the mangled and bleeding body down among the boulders. He was frightfully hurt, and when brought to Reading died without having uttered a word. After Coroner Denhart had held an inquest the body was sent home to Slatington, Pa., where his parents had been joyfully expecting the wedding party.

The widow, who is a stately blonde, was utterly overcome. Her maiden name was Gussie Leffler. Last Wednesday they were married in good style in West Point, Neb., and their wedding trip East was to visit Mr. Brobst's parents at Slatington.

The young widow said "I noticed nothing strange about my husband until we reached Chicago. The excitement of our wedding and his coming home after a ten years' absence made him nervous. He acted strangely, and lost his appetite. Coming East on the Chicago limited he became worse. I tried to have him eat, but he said his appetite was gone. He became pale, and then his mind wandered. After we left Harrisburg for Reading he became worse so suddenly that I was alarmed, but I never dreamed he would end his life in so frightful a manner. He was out of his mind, poor boy," and the widow could say no more.

Brobst's wallet, containing \$300, was lost in his terrific leap, and has not yet been recovered. The tragic affair created most intense excitement and sympathy.

A BLIND GIRL'S BOOTY.

A Widow and Her Sightless Daughter's Large Stock of Plunder Discovered.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At 830 Indiana street, Chicago, an aged and respectable looking widow lady has for some time past resided in apparently comfortable circumstances. She never mixed much with her neighbors, and nobody knew what her means of subsistence were. The only living relative she had was her only daughter, a blind girl with a pretty face. The old woman always dressed in deep mourning, while the girl was usually stylishly attired. Some of the neighbors used to make strange remarks about this peculiar pair, but most people who knew them regarded them with feelings of compassion and respect. Nobody, except a few of the leading merchants down-town, even dreamed that they were a pair of expert shoplifters. Their plans were generally successful, their mode of operation being simple but effective. The old woman usually entered the stores as a purchaser, and commenced inspecting the articles exhibited for sale. Whenever opportunity offered she never failed to transfer to the folds of her capacious mourning cloak such light articles of value as came within reach of her hands. These were surreptitiously passed to her daughter as quickly as they were secured, the latter acting merely as an aid in carrying off the plunder. Despite her wonderful expertness the old woman has been caught time and again, and as often let off out of compassion for her blind and helpless daughter.

No less than three times she has been caught in the Boston store, and each time let off on a solemn pledge of never attempting a repetition of the offense. The other evening, however, she entered the store and stood beside a customer who was examining a piece of silk. When the person passed on to another part of the store Mrs. Singer dexterously transferred the piece of silk, which is valued at \$9, to her basket. One of the employees, however, had his eye on her and nabbed her as she was quietly moving away. She cried and begged to be forgiven in the most piteous manner. This time the proprietors of the store were inexorable. Finding tears were of no avail she offered to pay for it, and astonished the spectators by producing a purse filled with bills varying from \$5 to \$20, and amounting altogether to not less than \$120. Payment was refused, and then she represented that she had no other means of living and that she was driven to this to save herself and her child from starvation. All her pleadings

were of no avail, and a couple of officers having been sent for both mother and daughter were removed to the Central station. The pair will not be prosecuted, however, their victims being averse to pressing charges against the blind girl. A visit to their residence by Detective Slayton disclosed hundreds of dollars' worth of costly material, mostly wearing apparel. Numerous silk dresses, fourteen ladies' hats, at least 300 pairs of silk and cotton hose, and enough towels to run a good-sized barber shop for six months were found. But little of the stuff can be identified, owing to the woman's shrewdness.

For instance, every pair of stockings was washed as soon as they were stolen. The hats have all been re-trimmed, and the dresses, some of them of rich and beautiful design, have been altered. Articles of toilet wear were also found. The silk which was taken from the Boston store was identified and returned. The police think that they have thoroughly scared the pair, but will indict them if they again practice their arts on city merchants. The woman's real name is Krimmidge, and she gave the name of a former tenant of the same building named Singer out of spite, because the latter refused to live under the same roof with her. The blind girl, who says she is sick, was resting on an old four-poster bed when the police arrived. Her mother burst into tears when the larceny was mentioned, and her daughter, amid copious tears, confessed that she did steal the piece of stuff, but did not think she was doing wrong. The girl's fingers were covered with rings, but the old woman was poorly dressed. It is said that though the old woman pretends to earn her living as a washerwoman that she really made her money by peddling the stolen goods among private families.

MR. KRULL AND WIDOW SCHAEFER.

[With Portrait.]

Last January the following rather sensational item appeared in a Buffalo newspaper:

"A lively scene was enacted at 11:30 o'clock the other night on Emslie street, near William. The house is occupied by Mrs. Schaefer, a comely widow of thirty-five, whose husband died twelve years ago, leaving as guardian of his children a Mr. Krull, a dealer in hides and sheepskins. Mr. Krull is also a resident of the East Side. On the night in question the lights were turned low in Mrs. Schaefer's apartments, and the front door was locked. Mrs. Krull, armed with a horsewhip, approached the widow's house in company with a son and a daughter. There was wrath in Mrs. Krull's eye, and when she found the door locked she smashed a pane of glass and thrust her arm in and turned the key."

"Persons on the outside then heard a perfect riot raging within. The lights were extinguished, the horsewhip was piled and two or three people yelled bloody murder. Officers from Station 8 were summoned, but when they arrived on the scene the trouble was over. Mrs. Krull and her companions had withdrawn in triumph, carrying several articles of masculine wearing apparel with them. Mr. Krull, *adus* shoes, some pantaloons, had made an undignified escape up Emslie street. The widow was nowhere to be seen."

For a time after this affair white-winged peace seemed to brood over the household. The gay Lothario promised to reform and was accorded forgiveness. As a precautionary measure, Mrs. Krull had the family residence at 100 Oak street, transferred in her name. As an additional balm she was to receive \$500, which trifling guarantee of Mr. Krull's good behavior it seems was not forthcoming.

In about a week one of his sons discovered that he had not entirely abandoned the widow, and his actions became suspicious. He wanted the house back and declared that he would be satisfied with a legal separation and would give Mrs. Krull \$1,000. In the meantime the organ disappeared from the house. A private detective was engaged, and it was found out that Krull was meeting Mrs. Schaefer at the house of Mrs. Poppenberg, at 427 Elliott street.

Mrs. Krull then commenced proceedings for a divorce, and the testimony was taken before Attorney Weisenheimer as referee.

It is alleged that Mrs. Schaefer testified to having met Krull at the place mentioned. There was no defense offered.

On the 24th of August the decree was granted in the Supreme Court, the following agreement having personally been entered into by the parties. Krull to return the organ, pay Mrs. Krull \$2,500 in cash and provide for the maintenance of the two minor children. On the other hand, Krull, through his attorney, made a requisition for the following articles of his personal effects: Two pair red woolen socks, three pair cuffs, one morning gown, six illustrated books, one broom, brush and case, one pair leather gloves with fur, one French clock, one door plate, six bottles wine, one pair Congress gaiters, two white vests, one sheepskin robe.

A DESPERATE DUEL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A desperate encounter took place at Horse Pasture, Henry county, Va., Saturday evening week, during which a man named Bausman was shot and killed by J. T. Darlington, editor of the *Henry News*. There had been bad blood between Bausman and Darlington for some time.

The story is that Bausman loaned a ring to a young man named Thompson, who gave it to a young lady as an engagement ring. Afterward Thompson died, and the young woman married a man named Doyle. After the marriage Bausman made a demand for the ring, which was ignored. He then sued out a warrant to recover the ring, and the lady gave it to the officer rather than have trouble. After keeping the ring several weeks Bausman declared that it was not the one, and the case was called last Saturday. Darlington and the Doyle being related, the former and his son went to the trial.

A short while after the trial began Darlington's son took offense at something said by a negro and horse-whipped him. Bausman took the negro's part, which led to a difficulty between the white men, but they were separated. After a few minutes young Darlington entered the room where Bausman was standing, and soon they were engaged in a duel with pistols. Young Darlington was shot in the jaw and shoulder. He grabbed Bausman and both fell out of doors. Editor Darlington then fired at Bausman, striking him in the back, but the latter still maintained his grip on young Darlington. The editor then reached over his son's shoulder, placed the pistol at Bausman's breast and again fired. The ball pierced the heart, causing instant death. Darlington was arrested and sent to Martinsville jail.

FOUL MURDER.

A Milwaukee Woman Accused of Wholesale Infanticide.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Pauline Mittelstaedt, who has been running a lying-in hospital in Milwaukee, Wis., for a year or two, has been arrested, and the most startling developments regarding her alleged crimes have just been made public. Detectives have for some time been at work, although Mrs. Mittelstaedt was unaware that she was under police surveillance.

It now appears that the woman has for months back made a regular practice of putting the babies left in her charge to death by sticking a large darning needle into their hearts. How many innocents have thus been made away with it is impossible to estimate, but the number promises to run considerably over a score.

The police were given the first clues regarding this alleged wholesale slaughter of the infants by a servant girl named Lena Myers, who had worked at Mrs. Mittelstaedt's for three months. Acting upon the girl's information the detectives raided the house and some horrible discoveries were the result.

A newly-made mound of earth is reported to have been noticed in the cellar, and upon being excavated the bodies of three babies were found. Rapping through each little heart was a darning needle, which had been ground down to a fine point, and then evidently pressed right through the tiny bodies.

One of the bodies was a mere skeleton, but the other two had not been long buried, and the babies had probably not been dead more than a week or two.

The officers continued their search, and it is claimed that in an ash heap at the back of the house found two more bodies buried only a few inches beneath the surface. In fact the tiny fingers of one body stuck up through the ashes, and it seemed strange that nobody had discovered the buried mystery before. This, it seems, was partly explained by the fact that Mrs. Mittelstaedt lived entirely alone with the exception of one servant girl, and was careful to keep all intruders away from her premises. Both bodies had darning needles running through them.

An unused well in the back yard was next investigated, and the detectives say they were rewarded by discovering three more bodies of little ones, none of them having been evidently more than four or five months old. In every case the murderers had left the evidence of her crime sticking in the hearts of the little victims.

There is great excitement in social circles over the ghastly exposures. Many prominent society people are said to be implicated in the scandals, having left babies with Mrs. Mittelstaedt to take care of. The woman was usually paid six months' board for the infants in advance, but, as alleged, killed them after a week's residence with her. When an inquiry was made by the parents she explained the infant's absence by saying that she had sent it into the country for the summer to the house of a relative.

It is also said that in several cases Mrs. Mittelstaedt was paid considerable sums of money for putting the babies out of the way. The wife of one of Milwaukee's best known merchants is believed to have paid the woman \$300 for destroying a two-months' old infant left her without the knowledge of the deceived merchant.

The feeling against Mrs. Mittelstaedt is intense and threats of lynching are made. She is a stolid German woman, and takes her arrest philosophically. She denies her guilt, but the girl Lena Myers is alleged to have asserted that she saw Mrs. Mittelstaedt run a needle through the heart of one of the babies.

Further startling disclosures are expected by a diligent examination of the premises. It is expected that the number of babies thus killed will exceed even the high estimate made by the police authorities.

A FORGER'S EXPLOITS.

What Young Helmbold's Examination at Police Court Disclosed.

[With Portrait.]

Mason Fell Helmbold, the dapper little forger, whose exploits in Albany are likely to cost him dearly, now occupies a felon's cell. He is but twenty-three years old, and is a son of Dr. H. T. Helmbold, the patent medicine man, first made famous as the New York "buchu" man, who is now an inmate of an insane asylum.

Young Helmbold arrived in Albany on Sept. 7 and registered at the Mansion House. He spent some time in writing letters. This completed, he started out in search of the unwary. He next visited T. L. Goodwin & Son, lithographers on Broadway, near the place where he attempted the forgery. He gave them the old story of his being connected with the firm of Drexel & Co., of New York, and as the company were to open up a branch in that city, he said he was to purchase all their business paper. By his actions and conversation Mr. Goodwin was convinced that he was an impostor. He kept a close watch on his samples, and the visit of Helmbold proved a fruitless one.

The hour for supper had now arrived, and the young man went to the Delavan and satisfied his material wants. He soon after put in an appearance at the St. Marc, where he engaged a room, saying that possibly he should remain a week. After a night at the hotel Mason started out, intent on doing something startling. His next visit was to Weed, Parsons, & Co's, where he recited the same yarn which he had told Mr. Goodwin. He was shown samples of checks, and while Mr. Samuel Knickerbocker's attention was momentarily distracted, Helmbold took advantage of his chance and secured one of Mr. H. W. Sage's check blanks. Tracey and Wilson's was next visited, but at this establishment his story did not receive credit.

After his arrest, he was searched and the following articles were found on his person. A handsomely enamelled gold watch, with flowers on front and back, encrusted with diamonds. The maker is Jacques Roulet and the number is 22,865. There were two heavy rings of hammered gold, one set with a cat's-eye and two diamonds and the other with a ruby and two diamonds. There were also two plain gold rings, four charms and a heavy gold chain and charm. In his wallet were \$34 in cash, two pawn tickets for clothing, one showing he had received \$9 on a coat and a contract with Wm. L. Allison under which the latter agrees to print a number of pictorial posters for the drama of "Bluff King Hal," of which Helmbold is the author, and a receipt that Helmbold had paid Allison \$125 on account. The other morning, when Helmbold was arraigned by Detective Morris before Justice Clute, tears welled from his bloodshot eyes.

W. C. Ten Eyck, teller of the National Exchange bank, testified: About 12 o'clock noon on the 8th the defendant came in the bank; he presented me the check in court, purporting to be signed by H. W. Sage & Co., for \$310, dated September 8, 1886. The check is a forgery; it is not the check of H. W. Sage & Co.; the defendant received no money on it; I told defendant I would not cash it until he was identified. He said he was not acquainted with any one except Sage; I said: "Hold on a minute, you may get your money;" I stepped back a few feet and presented the check to the president and asked him what he thought of it; he said "I think it is a forgery;" we then came to the desk; I saw that defendant had left and was just crossing the street; I then reported to the police.

Mr. Dean Sage, a member of the firm of H. W. Sage & Co., testified: "I am forty-five years of age; am a lumber dealer, doing business in this city; am a member of the firm of H. W. Sage & Co.; (check shown) that is not the check of the firm, nor authorized by the firm. I saw defendant at my office in the lumber district; had a conversation; he said he was in the employ of Drexel & Co., and a nephew of J. W. Drexel; he gave me a card; it had in the corner 'With Drexel & Co.'; he said a man calling himself H. W. Sage had opened an account with Drexel & Co. about two months ago and deposited \$2,000 with them; that Sage had had various transactions since then, and up to Monday drew all his money out but \$50; that he then said he wanted to buy \$8,000 of Northern Pacific bonds, for which he offered a check of H. W. Sage & Co. on the National Exchange bank of Albany; that Drexel & Co. suspected something wrong, said they had not the bonds then, but if he would call in on Friday or Saturday they would have them for him; that Drexel & Co. had sent him up to investigate the affair; the defendant said the number of his check was 3,000 and something, was printed in red ink, and asked me if we had issued such a number; I sent for my check book to see these numbers, and I told him that the number we were using would reach 9,000 and something, and the numbers, instead of being printed, were written in black ink; I gave him no check."

By advice of his counsel, Joseph H. Connick, Helmbold made no statement and was committed to await the action of the Grand Jury. Helmbold says he is an author and dramatist, and has written several plays, including "Bluff King Hal." After the forger's pedigree had been taken, Detective Morris escorted him to jail, where he now languishes.

HE MUST WALK.

The Strange Affliction of John Snyder, Living in the Town of Mile Grove, Ind.

One of the strangest penalties that eccentric fate has ever inflicted on a member of the human family is shown in the case of John Snyder, who resides at Mile Grove, a small station 30 miles east of Marion, Ind., on the Chicago, St. Louis and Pittsburgh road. His peculiar destiny appears to be that he shall not stop walking until he walks into the grave. Accompanied by his son he came into Marion, on his way to visit the fair in the adjacent town of Warren. Except for consideration for his son he would have saved railroad fare and walked to Marion. Even while on the cars he was unable to control the spirit of unrest that possesses him, and kept up his perpetual promenade from rear to front. In leaving the coach, while his locomotion was impeded by the other passengers, his feet and legs refused to pause in their pedestrian motions up and down.

He had six hours to wait there between trains. In that time he walked several miles into the country and back, up one street and down another, around block after block, never halting, never pausing. He boarded a Toledo, St. Louis, and Kansas City train for Warren, and as the engine pulled out he was keeping his measured tread from platform to platform. Snyder's strange affliction dates back to a little over two years ago. At that time he became the victim of some sort of nervous complaint from which he found relief in a measure by walking until completely exhausted. His strange malady became more and more aggravated, and he would get up in the middle of the night and walk five, ten and fifteen miles before sufficiently exhausted to sleep. Then he would walk twenty-four hours on a stretch. It is asserted on unquestioned authority that the entire time in the last year that he has been off his feet would not aggregate over three or four hours.

Eating and sleeping, in daylight and darkness, he keeps up his tireless and perpetual tramp, tramp, tramp. Around his house is a beaten path nearly a foot deep worn by months of incessant walking. He goes at a steady gait of a little over three miles an hour, 74 miles every 24 hours, 518 miles each week, 2,220 miles a month, 27,000 miles a year. In the last two years he has walked far enough to twice encircle the globe. Two years ago he was believed to be insane, and was sent to the asylum at Indianapolis. After a short confinement it was shown that he was not a subject for mental treatment and was released. A distinguished authority on nervous diseases gave it as his opinion at the time that if Snyder was to be bound hand and foot he would become a raving maniac and die in a few hours. He has walked ever since, and cannot stop. If he halts for a few seconds his legs become cramped and exhibit convulsive tendencies, and there is no rest nor relief but to continue his tramp.

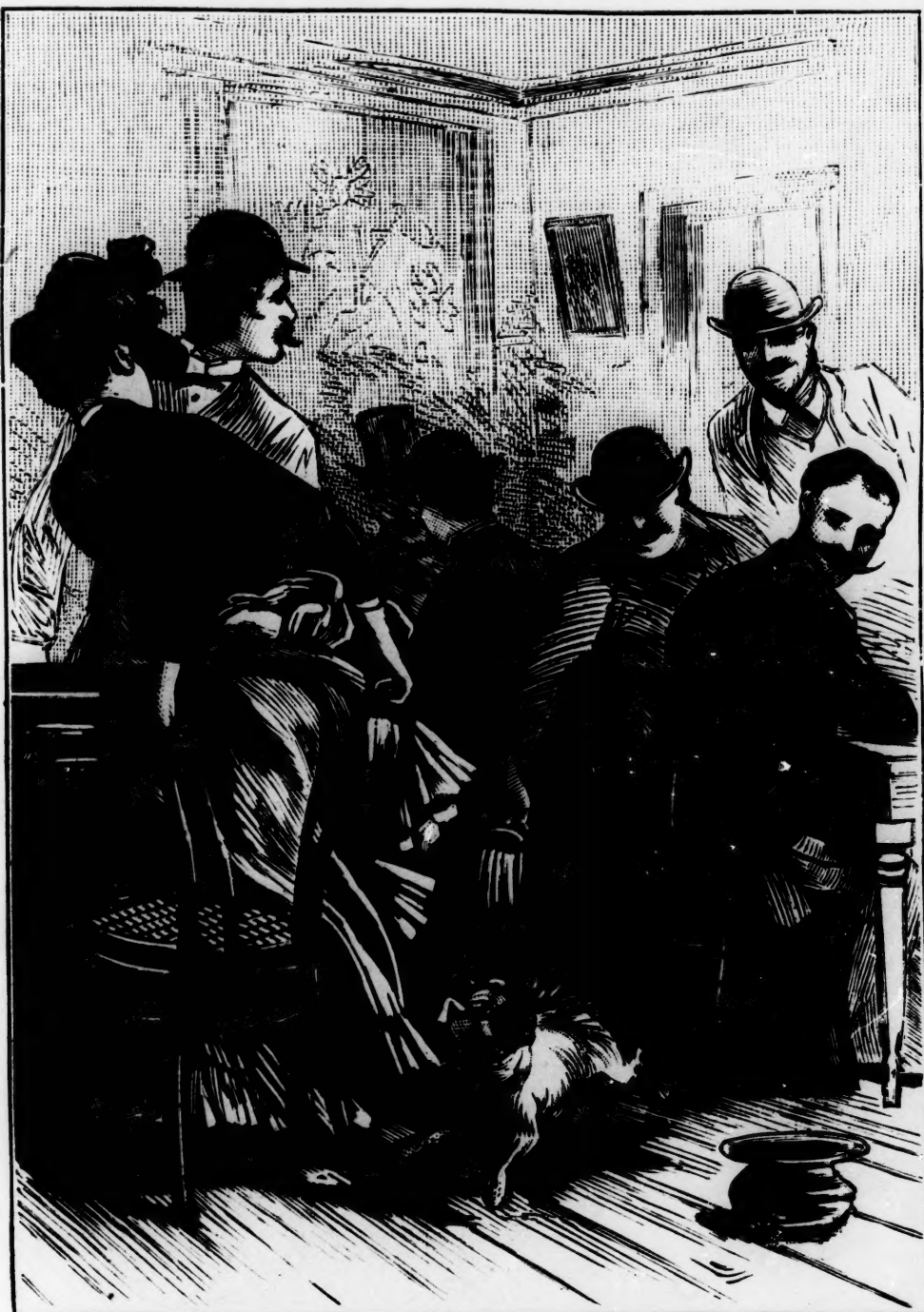
A strange feature is related in connection with his pedestrian tendencies: A few months ago he was put to sleep in a recumbent position by the use of opiates. On waking he was so surcharged with the demon of disquiet that he sprang up and ran for five hours at a rate of about twelve miles an hour, when he again lapsed into his accustomed gait, which he has since maintained without interruption. It appears to be thoroughly and permanently wound up, and until he runs down will remain the best example of perpetual motion that has yet been discovered.

Snyder is about sixty years old and has a large family. In other respects his health is good and, aside from a haggard and haunted expression, there is nothing unusual in his appearance. His step lacks spring; and sprightliness, and gives the impression of sore feet and an almost intolerable weariness. All belief that his mild rage is an assumed one has long since been dissipated. His case is a remarkable one and is apparently beyond the ken of physicians or scientists.

A SUDDEN CONVERSION.

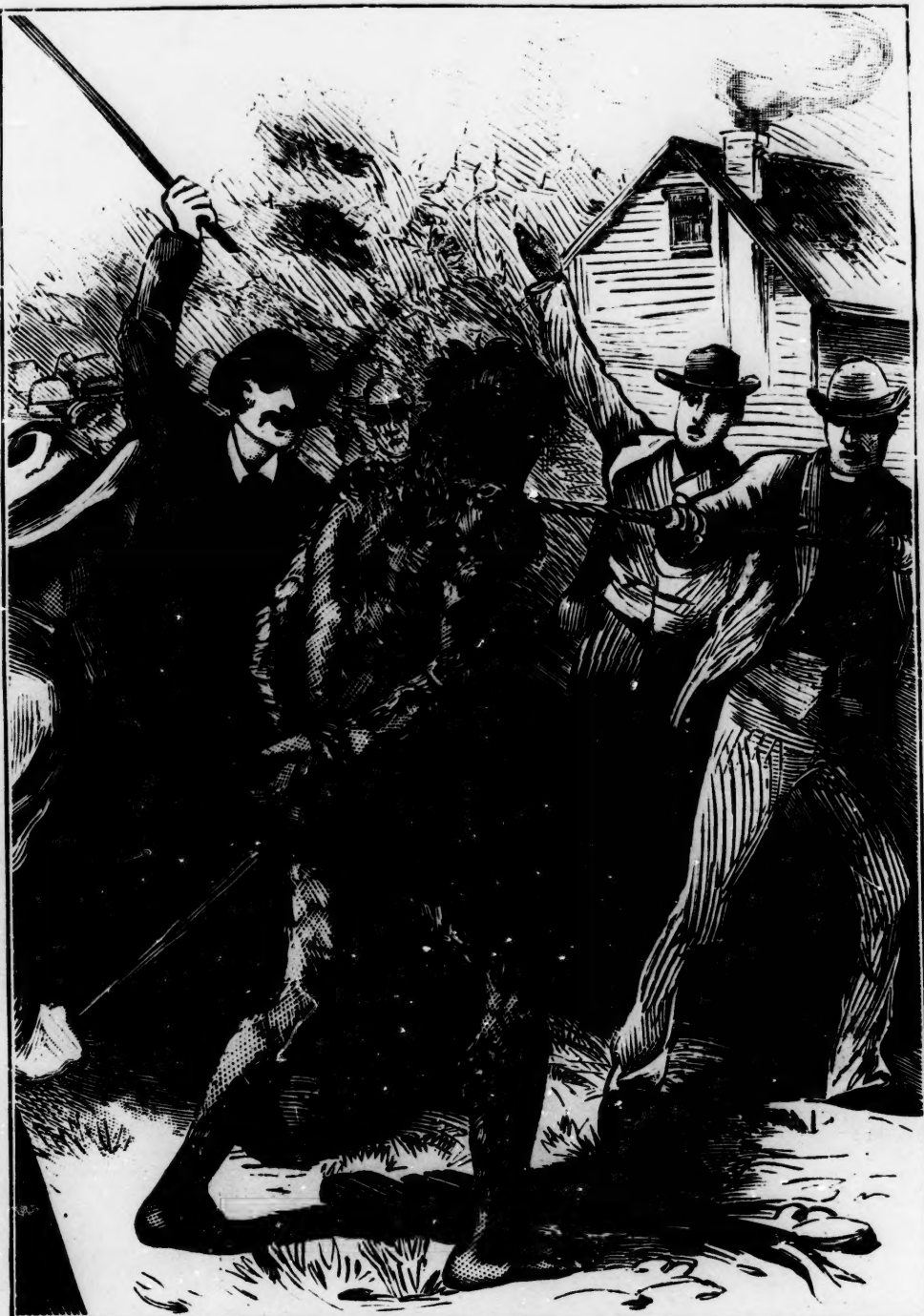
[Subject of Illustration.]

We illustrate this week the extraordinary spectacle of a prostitutes' camp meeting held directly after the recent earthquake in a public square at Charleston, S. C.



THEY BOUNCED THE COPPERS.

A LIVELY SUNDAY EVENING EXPERIENCE AT THE SCHUETZEN PARK, PHILADELPHIA.



HE MEANS TO GET SQUARE.

SIMON DOLPH OF MANSFIELD, OHIO, IS ROUGHLY HANDLED BY HIS NEIGHBORS.



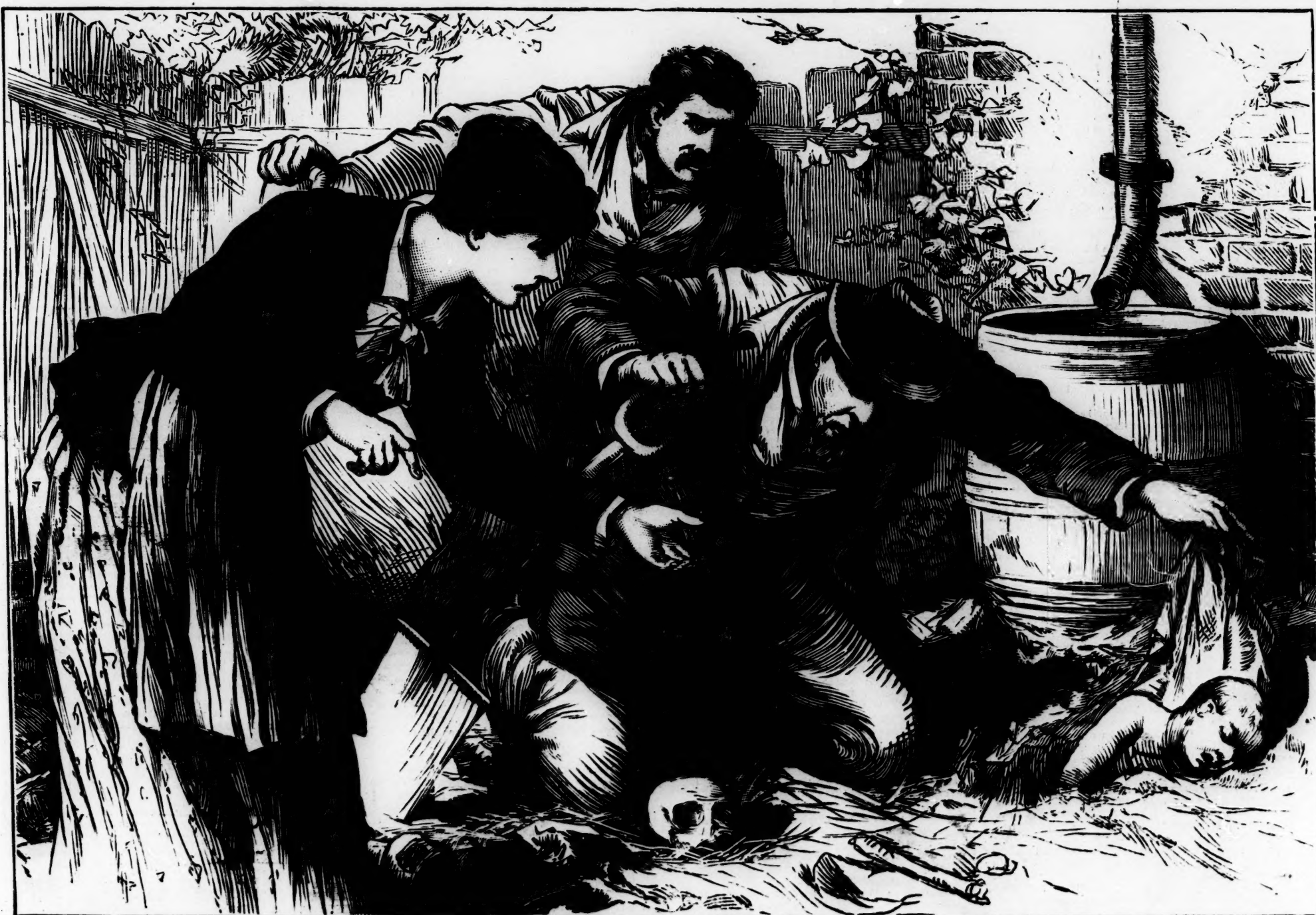
STUCK IN THE MUD.

THE UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE OF PRETTY FANNIE BEANE WHILE OUT CRABBING AT HAMMEL'S STATION, ROCKAWAY, L. I.



GOING IT BLIND.

THE NEW DODGE OF A FASCINATING AND ACCOMPLISHED PAIR OF SHOPLIFTERS, A BLIND GIRL AND HER MOTHER, IN CHICAGO, ILL.



A HORRIBLE FIND.

THE HIDEOUS REVELATIONS OF MRS. PAULINE MITTELSTAEDT'S ASH HEAP WHICH MAY LEAD TO A LYNCHING IN MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the
Arenic Events of the Week.

Red Gallagher recently offered to fight Sam Bittle, of Galt, Canada, and the latter has accepted the offer.

It is reported that Tommy Warren and Tommy Danforth are to meet at Minneapolis, Minn., on Sept. 27.

George Le Blanche of Boston and Jack Welch are to arrange a match to fight eight rounds, Queensberry rules.

Billy Dacey and Tom McManus have been matched to fight to a finish in the latter part of September for a purse of \$500.

Denny Kelleher has been matched to fight Jack Fogarty for \$1,500 a side. The battle will be fought in Boston the last week in this month.

Joe Ellingsworth's backer called at the "Police Gazette" office on Sept. 7 and withdrew the \$250 he had posted to arrange a match for Ellingsworth to fight Jack Fogarty.

E. F. Mallahan called at the "Police Gazette" office on Sept. 9, and stated that Frank Herald would arrange a match with the winner of the Frank Glover and Paddy Ryan match at Chicago.

The "Daily News," New York, Sept. 10, published the following: "Wolf Bendorff, the well-known boxer, who fought Jim Smith and Jack Knifton, is ready to meet all comers. He can be addressed at this office."

Tom Lees, the heavy-weight champion boxer of Australia, is coming to this country to test the merits of the many heavy-weights. Lees recently defeated Bill Farnam in Australia for the championship and £200 a side.

Jim Donnelly, of Paterson, N. J., challenges Mike Conley or Jim Glenn to spar eight rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, contest to take place at Paterson, and winner to take 65 per cent, and loser 35 per cent. He will meet them at Richard K. Fox's office.

At Clark's Olympic Club, Philadelphia, on Sept. 11, an evenly contested four-hand set-entertainment a large crowd, the boxers being Kentucky Rosebud and John Banks. In the last round the Rosebud got a trifle the best of the fight, and he was awarded the contest.

Jack Fogarty, of Philadelphia, who made such a gallant fight with Jack Dempsey, looms up in the course for the middle-weight championship. Fogarty is now under the protection of Gus Tuthill, and the latter will back him against Burke, Peter J. Nolan or Dominick McCaffrey.

Harry McCoy, the 145-pound champion of the western States, and Dan Delaney, the champion middle-weight, of Detroit, Mich., have signed articles of agreement to fight six rounds with small gloves for \$50 a side, Marquis of Queensberry rules to govern. The contest will take place at Crescent Rink, Cairo, Ill., Sept. 29.

Wm. Bradburn, of Chicago, has accepted the challenge of Frank Herald for a six-round fight with small gloves. The set-to will take place in Pittsburgh on the 25th inst. Bradburn will make a chopping block for Herald, and he will have about as good a chance of beating Herald as Knifton would have in defeating John L. Sullivan.

Tommy Danforth, who is eager to fight Tommy Warren for \$1,000 a side and the feather-weight championship of America, called at the Police Gazette office on Sept. 9 to ascertain if Warren or his backers had forwarded a deposit to bind a match. Danforth appears very eager to meet Warren, and if the latter was as earnest there would be no trouble in arranging a match.

The "Record," Philadelphia, Sept. 12, says: "Some weeks ago Joe Ellingsworth and Jack Fogarty came posted with Richard K. Fox \$250 as earnest money for a fight to a finish for \$1,000 a side, and an added purse of \$1,500. The fight has been delayed, it is said, because the New York Athletic Club feared that Fogarty would have too easy a victory, and so wouldn't subscribe. Ellingsworth has now withdrawn his \$250, and for the present the match is off."

Peter J. Nolan, of Cincinnati, and Dominick McCaffrey, of Philadelphia, have signed articles to box six rounds, Queensberry rules, at Chester Park, Cincinnati, on Oct. 13. McCaffrey receives \$1,500 from the Chester Park managers. Nolan is the heavy-weight who recently fought Jack Burke and surprised the betting men by defeating Burke. The announcement that Nolan is to meet McCaffrey will create a furore in prize ring circles and the match will be looked forward to with eager interest.

The following challenge explains itself:

To the Sporting Editor:
Sir—I hereby challenge Billy Frazier, Paddy Smith, John McAuliffe, Billy Dacey or any light weight in America to fight to a finish for \$500 a side, three or four weeks from signing articles. My backer has placed \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox. I will meet and arrange a fight at any time. First come, first served.
JOHN REAGAN, "Mike Donovan's Pupil."

Ed. Tuohy, who was referee in the glove contest between Jack Ashton, of Providence, Billy Madden's champion, and Jake Kilrain, of Cambridge Mass., appears to be tired over the statements that he claims Billy Madden has made about the decision rendered on that occasion. Tuohy declared Kilrain won, because he believed to the best of his judgment that he had out-fought Ashton in every round. Tuohy says he decided the battle on its merits, and that two-thirds of the sporting men who witnessed the contest will agree with him that the decision was a fair one.

The following explains itself:

To the Sporting Editor:
Sir—I hear John Shanley, of Brooklyn, has another man that he claims he is anxious to match against anybody, barring Sullivan. I wish to state that I will match Jim Donnelly with his man for \$500 a side, rounds or to a finish. If this cannot come off in public I will arrange for it in private. I will meet Mr. Shanley at the Police Gazette office any day next week and put up a forfeit.
HARRY ULMAN.

A slashing mill was decided at Vanderwer's Woods, L. I., on Sept. 12, between Eddy Joyce and Billy Knight. Ten rounds were fought with small gloves for a purse, when the crowd broke in the ring, and John W. Fallon, the referee, declared the fight a draw. Joyce was in white trunks and green socks. He is eighteen years old and weighed 128 pounds. He stepped into the ring followed by his second, Billy McCormick. Next came Knight in dark trunks and light blue socks. He is nineteen years old, and he weighed 132 pounds. He had for his second Billy Murphy. John W. Fallon, a Brooklyn heavy weight, was referee, and Tom P. Evans was timekeeper.

At St. Joseph, Mo., on Sept. 6, there was a slashing mill with bare knuckles between Billy Mahony and Tom Murray, two pugilists of some local fame, being the opposing contestants. A feud of long standing brought the two men together, both of whom are beyond the meridian of age. In the first round Mahony planted a left-hander on Murray's mug, which made him shed tears. In the second round Murray received a swinging left-hander on the neck that knocked him out completely. Owen Danagher looked after the interests of Mahony, while Paddy Flury held the sponge for Murray, and Dan Sullivan acted as master of ceremonies, and Tom Purcell as timekeeper.

John P. Clow and John Davis fought in the gymnasium at Leadville, Col., on Aug. 29. Davis was seconded by Jerry Mahoney and Bryan Campbell. Harley McCoy and Bat Masterson seconded Clow. The fight ended very unsatisfactorily after 5 rounds had been fought. Clow left the ring and the referee, Wm. Evans, of Red Cliff, declared Davis the winner. It was asserted that Clow bit Davis during the battle. Con Feathery and Bailey Young, of the Texas House Club Room, won heavily by Davis' victory, and it is said they presented Davis with \$1,000 of their winnings. Tom Campbell has forwarded \$100 forfeit to this office for Davis to again fight Clow to a finish, any rules, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

The astic encounter between Paddy Ryan, the ex-champion heavy-weight of America, and Frank Glover, the heavy-

weight champion of Illinois, was fought on Sept. 13, at Cheltenham Beach, near Chicago. The conditions were 6 rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse and gate money. The fight took place on a boat, upon which a 24 foot ring was made in the rain. After two or three rounds all rules were ignored, and the rough-and-tumble rules governed, which made it necessary for the two referees to rush between them with umbrellas and clubs and haul the men apart. The fight was stopped at 10 minutes to 11 P. M., by the police, and the drenched and disgusted 1,500 spectators made a rush for the train.

Jack Dempsey, Charley Mitchell and Jack Burke were all three in New York last winter when Dempsey posted a forfeit of \$250, with a challenge to fight either to a finish. Neither would accept. On the contrary, both jumped the city to avoid a clash with the champion. Dempsey's recent marriage and his avowal that he had retired has opened a chance for "Burke" to declare himself. Hence his late challenge to fight Dempsey. While Dempsey was conveniently near enough to drop into Chicago "Burke" began hinting at a trip to "England." Now that he thinks Dempsey is out of the way, Chicago is good enough for him. Dempsey is liable to a change of mind in such case. The wind will be taken out of Burke's sails, as he doesn't mean to fight.

It is all foolishness for boxers of this city to go to Philadelphia to box. McAuliffe, Paddy Smith and Tommy Danforth have had positive proof that no New Yorker will be allowed to win unless he either stops or knocks out his opponent so that he is unable to continue the contest. Danforth fairly smothered Jim Hogan, Sept. 7, at Clark's Club Theatre. Billy Keese was the referee, and although two-thirds of the audience were aware that Danforth won and fairly smothered Hogan, the referee declared Hogan the winner. Mike Cleary, Dominick McCaffrey and Joe Ellingsworth were present, and they were disgusted at Keese's decision. Danforth offered to fight Hogan directly after the battle, and Miller, the brewer, offered to put up \$100 for Hogan to meet Danforth, but he refused.

It now appears that the glove fight between Wm. Gabig of Pittsburgh and Mike C. Conley, at Philadelphia was won by Gabig. "Sparrow" Golden and Andy Hart were on the stage as Gabig's seconds, and Jack Lynch and John Hays seconded Conley. The Giant had all the best of the fight in the first round, and had he had the strength he could have finished Gabig with one blow. Gabig opened the fighting by leading for Conley's nose but he failed to reach far enough. Conley then pounded Gabig all around the stage, delivering some powerful blows, which Gabig seemed unable to avoid. Gabig was still dazed in the second round and Conley punished him at short range, playing a tattoo all over Gabig's face and head with half-arm blows. Gabig caught his second wind in the third round, and from that out he had Conley whipped. He got in two heavy upper cuts, which staggered the big fellow, and the call of time alone saved Conley from being knocked out. In the fourth round Gabig, encouraged by "Sparrow" Golden's advice, "Rip her up, Billy," did terrible execution with both his right and left, and Conley just managed to save himself from being knocked out by repeatedly clinching. Gabig received a cut over the left eye, but was otherwise in good condition, while Conley was completely winded at the finish. William B. Johnson, the champion English swimmer, was the referee and he awarded the fight to Gabig.

E. W. Johnson, the Canadian athlete, was tendered a benefit at the Brooklyn Athletic Club grounds on Saturday, Sept. 11, and the event will long be remembered, for no less than eight records were broken, which makes it necessary for many more corrections in "The Sporting Man's Companion." James Grant, champion three-mile runner of America, set out to break the record of 15 minutes 10 1/2 seconds, and did it handsomely, making: Half mile, 2:11; 1 mile, 4:39 3/5; 3 miles, 7:10 2/5; 2 miles, 9:46 2/5; 2 1/2 miles, 12:24 1/5; 3 miles, 14:53 4/5. M. W. Ford, B. A. A. amateur champion, endeavored to beat his own world's record of 23 feet 3 inches in a running jump, but failed, covering only 21 feet 10 inches as his best effort in six trials. Mr. C. T. Wiegand, B. A. A. also proved unsuccessful in an endeavor to run a hurdle race of 220 yards, leaping in its course ten hurdles, each three feet high, in less than 28 minutes 4 seconds. He made it in 29:00 1/5. After that the successful dashes at the records came thick and fast. Mr. H. S. Pettit gave a very pretty exhibition of work on the parallel bars, and was ably seconded by Mr. E. P. Hobbs, both of the B. A. A. Thomas F. Kearney, professional champion jumper, broke three records in succession, making 33 feet 8 1/2 inches in three standing jumps without weights (6 1/2 inches gain); a standing high jump, with weights, of 5 feet 5 1/2 inches (1 1/2 inches gain); and a running high jump, with weights, of 5 feet 11 1/2 inches (1 1/2 inches gain). He also jumped backwards 10 feet 4 inches, which is the best on record. George Ross, professional champion, threw the 56-pound weight a distance of 26 feet, a gain of 8 1/2 inches upon the best previous record. C. A. J. Queckbarn, of the New York Athletic Club, put a 21 1/2 pound shot a distance of 35 feet 10 inches. He also put a 14 pound ball to a distance of 45 feet 10 1/2 inches. Both feats beat the amateur records by 8 feet 10 1/2 inches. John Cattinach, professional champion from Canada, threw the 12-pound hammer 125 feet 8 1/2 inches, which beats the record by 6 inches.

The following are the particulars of the 8-round glove fight between Tommy Warren, champion feather weight of the world, and Jerry Murphy, champion light weight of the North-west, which was fought at Minneapolis, Minn., recently. Murphy had agreed to stop Warren in the eight rounds, but he failed to do so, to the general mistaken idea of his friends, who thought he would have no difficulty in "doing up" the little man. Preliminary 3-round set-toes were given by Black Frank, champion of New Mexico, and Prof. Charles Hadley, John Hopkins, of Chicago, and Geo. Phalen, of Minneapolis, and the McGowan brothers, of St. Paul. Murphy came into the ring at 9:40, followed by the seconds, Chris Murphy and Prof. John Donaldson, his trainer and backer, and Albert Schock as timekeeper. Warren came five minutes later with Jimmy Collins as second and Henry Seeley as timekeeper. Paddy Cardiff was referee. As the men stepped into the ring a visible difference was noticed. Warren stripped at 115 pounds and of a systematic build, which combined a cat-like agility with the hard and quick hitting qualities, so noticeable in Mitchell and other first-class pugilists. Murphy on the other hand showed the brawny arms and chest of a dwarfed giant. The entire make up and positions of the two men when in the ring were diametrically opposite. Murphy kept his arms and hands in continual motion while he presented almost full front view of his antagonist. Warren calm and cool as a lily, showed only a side view to his opponent, thus securing a longer reach and giving Murphy less opportunity to strike his body. Murphy forced the fighting for the greater part of the contest, but showed a lamentable lack of science. He led heavily but too many of his blows only struck air. Until the last two rounds he had apparently forgotten what an upper cut was—but later used it to advantage. He fought high and Warren with his cat-like movements escaped punishment. The latter seemed to know just when and where to do the most damage, and every lightning-like blow, which went out with the full force of his whole body, went to the spot intended. The gloves used were four ounces in weight. In the first round very little fighting was done. Murphy once rushed Warren to the ropes and landed his right and left without any return. Warren got in one good face blow. In the second round many blows fell short, Warren getting out of the way. Twice Murphy landed his right and left without any apparent damage and Warren got his left home with a head righter. Both came up confident for the third round and opened up quick. Warren sent a right and left to Murphy's mouth and neck. Light sparring followed and Murphy struck Warren on the mouth. They came together in a clutch and both struck heads. Warren soon after struck Murphy solid in the nose with a left, and the claret flowed. Some claimed that the nose was opened by the striking of heads, and others gave first blood to Warren on his left.

Murphy's nose gave him considerable trouble in the next round by clogging of blood, and he breathed with difficulty. Several heavy blows were exchanged in this round, and Murphy once rushed Warren to the ropes, landing both hands.

Murphy came up smiling in the fifth round, while Warren appeared confident. The blows struck were mostly in Murphy's favor, and while he twice rushed Warren to the ropes, striking heavily with both hands each time. Warren usually found openings and sent in wicked licks on the damaged nose.

In the sixth round, body blows by Murphy were returned with face blows by Warren, who now began to take the aggressive and the prospect for a good fight was good.

The seventh round was better than the others, and although Murphy had the best of it by his rushes Warren landed full as many blows and as effective ones. Three times he was rushed to the ropes but escaped like a little hero.

The eighth round was a "daisy." Murphy continually rushed from the call of "time," but his face and neck blows being either countered or dodged, little damage was done to the feather weight. Warren hammered away at the damaged nose and his face blows all told in his favor. Murphy struck hard when he did reach the mark, and each was pretty well winded as the fight closed.

SPORTING NEWS.

TO PATRONS AND PROMOTERS OF MANLY SPORT.

The editorial parlors of this newspaper are always at the disposition of all classes of bona fide sporting men, whether they call out of curiosity, to obtain information or arrange matches. No such offices are to be seen anywhere else in the world. Among their remarkable attractions are championship emblems and badges, magnificent trophies and pictures and other objects of exceptional interest. Not the least notable of these is the celebrated portrait, by the well-known artist, Drohan, of John L. Sullivan, which is a full-length picture representing the champion in full ring costume. It stands five feet in height, and is conceded to be the most striking portrait of a pugilist in existence. Sporting men, in addition to these features, are assured of a cordial and hospitable greeting.

Thomas Rooney, of Texas, scout and cowboy, is proprietor of the Richard K. Fox House, formerly the Casino, at 221 Middle street, Bridgeport, Conn.

In the 22-minute single scull race on Sept. 8, at Erie, Pa., W. C. Connor, of Toronto, won in 21 minutes 26 seconds, Chas. Gaudaur, of Buffalo, second and Dan Breen, of Boston, third.

At Pittsburg, Pa., on Sept. 11, the half-mile foot race between Bryan, of Philadelphia, and Fridy, of Pittsburg city, for \$1,000 and the State championship, was won easily by Bryan in 1:37 1/4.

The Kearney Protective H. & L. Co. won first prize for H. & L. teams at the fourth annual tournament of the State Fireman's society, held at Fremont, Neb., on Aug. 28. Their time was 46 1/4 seconds.

W. E. Treadwell of Grand Rapids, Mich., the champion heavy dumbbell lifter writes that he is coming to New York to give exhibitions of his skill. Treadwell swings a 165-pound club, and puts up and juggles 150-pound dumbbells.

Prof. M. Doyle, a teacher of swimming, swam from Governor's Island to Oak Point, Long Island Sound, a distance of 17 miles, in 2 hours and 47 minutes, on Sept. 11. Sandstrom's time for the same course on Sept. 1, was 2 hours and 45 minutes.

But little if any interest is being taken in the race for the world's championship which Wm. Beach of Australia and Jacob Gaudaur are to row in best and best boats, on September 18, on the Thames championship course, from Putney to Mortlake, for the world's championship and \$5,000.

J. B. Haggis's King Fox by King Ban won the Flatbush stakes at the Coney Island Jockey Club races on Sept. 11, beating Kingston, Bessie June and Lizzie Krepps. The distance was seven furlongs and King Fox won in the fast time of 1:27 1/4, within a quarter of a second of the record.

D. A. McMillan, who signs himself champion wrestler of the Pacific Coast, writes that he will wrestle John Cuddee a mixed match for five falls, the same as wrestled before, and I will put up \$100 to \$1 or \$500 to \$5, and wrestle either in public or private. I have wrestled thirty-seven matches and only made two hippodromes, and one was with Cuddee. I prefer to wrestle square, and if Mr. Cuddee wishes to show the public that he is not a car, and wants to be a man, let him put up a forfeit and make a match.

The second competition between the New York Lacrosse Club and the Brooklyn Athletic Club for the Lacrosse championship of the United States, was played on the Cricket Club Grounds, Staten Island, on Sept. 11. The Brooklyn team was short the services of some of their best players, and had to act on the defensive nearly all the one and a half hours' play. The ball was faced at 4:30 P. M., and in the time mentioned the New Yorkers scored eight goals to a solitary one scored by the Brooklyn club.

Lawrence M. Donovan, the "Police Gazette" aerial jumper, was presented with an elegant gold medal at the National theatre, Bovey, on Sept. 9, James T. Delaney, Michael Heumann's stage manager, made the presentation speech, and said that Richard K. Fox had not donated the medal as an incentive for others to attempt to imitate or try to accomplish the great feat Donovan had succeeded in, but merely as a testimonial for Donovan's bravery in making the highest jump ever made. The trophy is an elegant one and valued at \$100.

The second great race of the series between W. G. George and Wm. Cummings for the championship was run at Preston, Eng., on Sept. 11. The distance was 4 miles. About 12,000 persons were present. George led until they entered on the fourth mile, when Cummings spurred and went to the front. Cummings finished the distance alone, George retiring on the sixteenth lap. The time for the four miles was 20 minutes 12 1/2 seconds. The first two miles were made in 10 minutes 12 1/2 seconds. A large amount of money changed hands, George being a heavy favorite.

Another turf record beaten at the Coney Island Jockey Club meeting on Sept. 11, in the Handicap sweepstakes one mile and five furlongs, the distance was run 2 minutes 48 1/4 seconds by Exile. Summary:

Handicap sweepstakes of \$300 each, only \$5 if declared, with \$750 added of which \$150 to the second. One mile and five furlongs. W. Lakeland's b c Exile, 4, by Mortimer—Second Hand, 115 (Hamilton). H. J. Woodford's b g Barnum, aged, by Bonnie Scotland—Charlotte Thompson, 120 (Garrison). Preakness Stable's b g Rupert, 4, by Falsetto—Marguerite, 116 (Blaylock). Ten Booker, Cloumel, and King B. also started. Time 2:48 1/4. The record for a mile and five furlongs has stood at 2:50 since 1882.

The New Jersey Scottish American Athletic Club held their annual games at Caledonian Park, Jersey City, Sept. 11. The 100 yards run had 25 entries, and F. Westing, who had three yards start, won the final heat in 10 1/5 seconds. J. T. Norton, Nassau Athletic Club, was second. P. D. Skillman, Staten Island Athletic Club, won the one mile run. Time, 4 minutes 27 seconds. E. A. Kraft, Brooklyn Athletic Club, won the one mile walk in 7 minutes 8 seconds. W. T. Merritt, Olympic Athletic Club, finished second. A. C. Ashley, Paterson Athletic Club; John Hart, Jersey Athletic Club, and Thomas F. O'Brien, Scottish American Athletic Club, were the starters in the 440-yard run for the championship of New Jersey. Ashley finished first, with Hart second. Time, 57 seconds. T. B. Estes, Olympic Athletic Club, won the half mile run in 2 minutes 7 seconds. Charles Gist, American Athletic Club, was second. E. C. Carter, New York Athletic Club, starting from the scratch, won the three-mile run in 16 minutes 30 seconds.

The single scull race between George W. Lee of Newark, New Jersey, and Nell Matterson of Australia, was rowed over the Thames championship course, from Putney to Mortlake, on Sept. 13. Only a few spectators witnessed the race. The betting before the start was 7 to 4 in favor of Matterson. The men got away on even terms, each rowing 40 strokes a minute, Matterson gradually crept ahead and led by half a length at the Creek. Lee, however, increased his exertions and drew up on a level with his opponent at Craven Cottage steps, and when Walden's was reached Lee had a lead of a length. A desperate struggle followed, both men still rowing 40 strokes a minute. Matterson was again even with Lee at the Crab Tree, and led by half a length at Hammersmith. Lee then spurred again and regained the lead, when Matterson stopped, totally exhausted. The time to Hammersmith was 8 minutes 42 seconds, or 10 seconds better than the best previous record.

The following is Hanlan's challenge to Beach, which the latter now seems anxious to evade:

New York, Sept. 3, 1886.
In a recent interview Wm. Beach stated that he would row me this autumn on any water in England for a stake and the championship of the world. One hundred pounds (\$500) has been posted to bind a match with Beach for \$500 (\$2,500) a side. I name the championship course on the Tyne, and will row on any day in October that can be agreed upon, under conditions similar to those which governed my race with Boyd, the editor of the London *Sportman* to be final stakeholder. Mr. Busby is instructed to send my forfeit to London as soon as Mr. Beach gives notice that he will meet me. Should Mr. Gaudaur win the championship on the 19th inst. I will agree to row him in America this fall, provided the season is not too late for sculling on our return to this country. I was not a contestant in the International sweepstakes on the Thames for the reason that at the time the entries closed I was in no condition to do justice to myself or to the good opinion of my many friends in England, but now that I am thoroughly myself again I am ready to

throw down the glove to the picked scullers of the world. I am prepared to sail for England as soon as I hear that Mr. Beach has accepted my challenge. On this account a prompt answer is desired.
EDWARD HANLAN.

In reply, Beach said that he would sail for home on Oct. 13, and that if Hanlan or any other man wants to row him he will have to do it on the Paramatta river.

The Harlem wheelmen held a grand bicycle meet at the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds, this city, on Sept. 11. Following were the contests and winners: One-mile novice, first prize gold medal—Joseph W. Whitson, Mercury Wheelmen's Club, 3 minutes 25 1/4 seconds. One-mile race, gold medal—K. T. Halstead, Harlem Wheelmen; 3 minutes 28 seconds. In this race B. R. Samson, Montclair Wheelmen, fell when within 10 yards of the finish. His machine ran into Halstead's and broke the wheel. Two-mile handicap—A. F. Edmonds, Troy Bicycle Club; 7 1/2 minutes 45 seconds. One-mile club championship—J. W. Powers, Jr.; 3 minutes 18 1/4 seconds. Three-mile State championship, New York State Division, L. A. W.—A. B. Rich, S. I. A. C., American champion; 11 minutes 2 1/2 seconds. Two-mile lap or record race—Record not broken. A. B. Rich, no time taken. One-quarter mile one-legged race—E. J. Halstead, Harlem Wheelmen; 58 1/4 seconds. One-mile club championship—Morrisian Wheelmen, W. A. Carpenter; 3 minutes 45 seconds. Half-mile without hands—A. F. Edmonds; 1 minute 49 1/4 seconds. Two-mile team race—Kings County Wheelmen and Harlem Wheelmen contesting, Kings County team won. A. B. Rich coming in first.

The celebrated racehorse and sire Virgil, that died at the Elmendorf Stock Farm, Lexington, Ky., September 7, had a checkered career. He was foaled in 1864, and as a three-year-old started seven times, winning five races. He was afterward used for hurdle racing, and was broken and driven to a buggy. So little did his first owner think of the horse that he was given away and was several times offered for sale for \$300. But nobody would buy him, and it was not until he had made a reputation as a sire that he was disposed of, and in 1877 his owner, the late Mr. M. H. Sanford, refused \$40,000 for him. Virgil's success as a sire was something remarkable. Many of his sons and daughters have been wonderful flyers, and it is extremely doubtful whether the American turf has ever known greater racehorses than Virgil's, and Tremont. The following table of the winnings of Virgil's get since 1873 up to August 27, 1886, which amount to \$231,452.74.

YEAR.	AMOUNT.	YEAR.	AMOUNT.
1873.....	\$2,000.00	1880.....	18,037.50
1874.....	650.00	1881.....	79,289.00
1875.....	8,775.00	1882.....	42,955.25
1876.....	28,005.00	1883.....	14,888.00
1877.....	21,385.00	1884.....	36,276.75
1878.....	6,615.00	1885.....	71,492.50
1879.....	4,955.00	1886 to Aug. 27.....	76,738.66
Total.....			\$231,452.74

The long postponed 3-mile boat race between W. O'Connor, of Toronto, and H. W. Stone, of Minneapolis, Minn., for 200 a side was rowed at Lake Calhoun, Minneapolis, Minn., recently. The water was in splendid condition and the contestants were in the best of form. Owing to the length of the lake it was necessary to make two turns in the course, and the time made must not be considered as the best that could be made by either man on a course with only one turn. The start was a fair one, both men having the stern of their boats at their respective bows and with oars in shape were ready for the pistol shot from the hand of the referee, C. W. Ryder, sporting editor of the Tribune. Both men went off together, Stone pulling a 36 stroke, which put him in a slight lead over O'Connor, who had a long sweeping stroke of 30 to the minute. At the first buoy Stone had a scant length advantage, and made a beautiful turn, which gave him a lead of three lengths. Half way down to the second buoy the men passed the referee, and O'Connor made a slight and almost imperceptible spurt that gave him a lead two lengths. O'Connor turned the second buoy first and straightened out for the home stake, with a lead of two lengths and no increase of his regular stroke. Stone was pulling hard but to no avail, and while O'Connor appeared to be pulling so easily that it was believed that he could have won by twenty instead of three lengths. The time was given at 21:05, while O'Connor's watch made it 22:15. The former is taken to be correct. O'Connor apparently not being willing to make any better record than possible.

The final race between the Mayflower and Galatea was decided on Sept. 11. The following tables explain how easily the Mayflower out sailed the English yacht and will be very interesting.

The official time of the race was as follows:					
NAME.	START.	FINISH.	ELAPSED TIME.	CORRECTED TIME.	
Mayflower.....	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	
Galatea.....	11:22:40	6:11:40	6:49:00	6:49:00	
	11:24:10	6:42:58	7:18:48	7:18:09	

The following shows the time consumed by the yachts in going both ways, and how much the Mayflower gained each way:

NAME.	LIGHTSHIP TO STAKEBUOY.		STAKEBUOY TO LIGHTSHIP.		TOTAL.
	H. M. S.		H. M. S.		
Mayflower.....	2:32:35		4:16:35		6:49:00
Galatea.....	2:46:10		4:32:38		7:18:48
Mayflower's gain.....	13:45		16:03		29:48

The following table shows the times of the start and the turn, and of the tacks made in sailing home:

MAYFLOWER.				GALATEA.			
Start.....	H. M. S.			Start.....	H. M. S.		
Stake.....	1 55 05	40	Stake.....	2 10 20			
Port after turn.....	4 10 20	Port of Long Branch.....	4 20 00				
Starboard (L. Branch).....	2 22 00	Starboard (L. Branch).....	4 37 00				
Port (Long Branch).....	4 20 00	Port (Long Branch).....	4 40 40				
Finish.....	6 11 40	Finish.....	6 42 58				

Dew Drop, the famous racing filly that was purchased by the Dwyer Brothers at the Lorrillard sale for \$20,000, died at Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sept. 11, of cerebro-spinal meningitis. Of Dew Drop's career it can be briefly said that she was bred by Mr. Pierre Lorrillard at Rancocas. She was foaled March 23, 1881, and was entered in the Rancocas stud book as a bay filly, with a blaze face, near fore and both hind legs white. As a two-year-old Dew Drop ran in all ten times, the record of which is as follows:

Stake or Race.	Total.	Times third.	Times second.	Times first.	Net winnings.
Won sweepstakes at Sheepshead.....	1	1			\$770
Unplaced for Surf stakes, Sheepshead.....	1	1			24 10
Unplaced for Seabright at M. P.....	1	1			500
Second for Flatbush, Sheepshead.....	1	1			7 392
Won Great Eastern handicap, Sheepshead.....	1	1			3,320
Unplaced for Adieu stakes, Sheepshead.....	1	1			1,175
Won Nursery stakes, Jerome.....	1	1			1,400
Won Champagne stakes, Jerome.....	1	1			1,175
Won Central stakes, Baltimore.....	1	1			1,400
Won Electric stakes, Baltimore.....	1	1			1,400

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I understand the theme of conversation among horsemen since the great trot for the \$10,000 purse has been whether Prince Wilkes or Oliver K. is the fastest and the best stayer.

Many think that Oliver K. only won the race by what race track owners call a scratch, and that if Crit Davis had steadied Prince Wilkes in the heat that decided the race that more heats would have been necessary, and Oliver K. might not have won.

I think Oliver K. would have won, no matter how many heats had to be trotted.

The race was a grand one, as the heats show, Bell F. winning the first in 2:15½ and the second in 2:15¾. Oliver K. then won the next three in 2:16¼, 2:16¾, 2:18.

Now, for the benefit of those who have an idea that Prince Wilkes would have won, I would state that Oliver K. can trot a sixth heat in 2:14½ any time it is necessary.

It is my opinion Oliver K. is worthy to be called a *racehorse*, having scored not only the fastest fifth heat for a six-year-old (2:16¼), but it is the fastest fifth heat on record for any trotter.

Scharwz, of Chicago, has bought Oliver K. He paid George Forbes of Cleveland, Ohio, \$17,000 for him.

The Galatea's time in the international race, in which the Mayflower won, was faster than the time the Puritan made last year when she beat the Genesee.

The Galatea was beaten on Sept. 7 by 1 1-2 miles, nearly 13 minutes, over a 38-mile course, so that the Mayflower must naturally be a faster boat than the Puritan.

Since the Courtney-Hanlan boat race at Rockaway Beach Sept. 1, there has been many arguments about the time of the race.

Hanlan rowed the course, one and a half miles to a stake boat and turn, in 19 minutes 23¼ seconds.

Mr. M. F. Davis, the official timekeeper, assures us that the race was correctly timed—three miles in 19 minutes 23¼ seconds. Davis is a man of integrity and experience, and those who know him will not question his word.

There is nothing very extraordinary about Hanlan rowing three miles with a turn in 19 minutes 23¼ seconds.

He had the advantage of being seated in a boat rigged for speed, and he covered the distance with more ease than in many races in which the time was several seconds slower.

I think two sporting events the public would like brought to a focus and decided, would be a glove contest between Herald and Sullivan, and a single scull race between Hanlan and Beach.

I am tired of daily reading every time Conemara the great two-year-old race horse wins, to see the silly quoted as one of Mr. Cassatt's cast offs which is a mistake.

Conemara was an unbroken yearling when Frank C. Reilly bought her for \$250 last Fall at Madison Square Garden, consequently she is no cast off.

By the way, Conemara is one of the best allies on the turf. She has won the Tennessee, Equity, and Prospect Stakes, and several other races, and will add more brackets to her credit before the snow flies.

The wonderful two-year-old colt Tremont, by Virgil, dam Ann Flor, who has started thirteen times this year without meeting with a single defeat, indeed he has won all his races with great ease, his gross winning amounts to \$40,235.

Mosses, Dwyers have wisely concluded to retire him for the year, and save him for his three-year-old engagements.

With the exception of Tremont, the two-year-olds this year have run in and out, though a number of these give great promise as three-year-olds.

Later in the season or when it closes the subject will become of severe discussion and I may then be able to come to a sort of a conclusion as to which have been the best and most consistent performers.

I understand Fred. Archer is now spoken of as the ex-champion jockey by some of the English papers. He holds second position in the list of winning mounts. Instead of regaining his lead during the past month, as generally predicted, he has lost ground. C. Wood, up to Aug. 6, leads him by eleven wins, besides having decidedly the best average, the figures being 103 wins out of 277 mounts, while Archer's total foots up 92 out of 316.

Miss Woodford, the Queen of the Turf, has broken down and will be bred, we hear, to Hindoo this coming spring. She ran forty-eight races during her five years on the turf, won thirty-seven, second seven times, third twice and unplaced twice, winning \$108,580.

We doubt whether she will turn out valuable as a brood mare, owing to the amount of hard racing she has done. If she does she will be an exception to the general rule.

We cannot call to mind a mare who raced or trotted as long and hard as Miss Woodford who turned out a great brood mare.

Fashion, Peylena, Flora Temple, Lady Thorne, Goldsmith Maid, Lucy, etc., never threw any of very high class.

By the way, the Dwyer Brothers have won nearly \$150,000 during the present season, which is \$87,000 more than their total winnings of 1884 and \$83,000 more than their 1885 winnings.

I think the pulling of racehorses on the public tracks is an evil which if not promptly stopped will do great injury to the turf of the most distinctive features of its race courses. The practice has sprung from a tiny acorn into the proportions of a towering oak, and unless its unhealthy growth be checked at once by the strong arm of authority, racing in a respectable and reputable form must die a dishonored death.

Racing, it is admitted, cannot pay without the backing of horses; indeed, without the ring money it would prove a pastime that none but the strongest purses could support, and this being so it is incumbent that the public as well as the layers of the odds should share that protection at the hands of the constituted authorities which it is their undoubted right to enjoy.

Now, what has been done of late to afford this protection? Nothing we maintain, nothing whatsoever.

If half the horses that have ran this year could speak, we fancy the tales they would unfold would put some owners and riders to the blush. It is fortunate for such owners and riders that the tools for their malpractices cannot arraign them, and may

hap in the same sense is it lucky for them that strong bridges do not give

There are evidences of the spread of the practice of pulling horses over before one's eyes or in one's ears.

In the morning newspaper one reads of a horse that will with a certain race easily, "should it be his day out." Now, to the ear uninitiated there is nothing very plain in this proviso, but what does it really convey?

Well, it means simply, and nothing else, that the horse alluded to will win, provided he is not "pulled," "stopped," "roped," or "out for air."

Then in the boat or the train, as one goes to the Brooklyn Jockey Club, few horses' chances are discussed without the usual proviso of "If John Does not up."

These conditions are openly discussed without cloak or cover. They are discussed by men of all classes and in all grades of life.

The tout knows of this turpitude quite as well as his better-off fellow-sportsman traveling "first." The stable lads know it, and grow up to be jockeys with this foul goal staring them in the face.

They learn soon to know that reaching it without detection means money, and oftentimes presents of considerable value; and so the evil against which we now raise our voice flourishes all along the line. The question will naturally be asked, are the constituted authorities cognizant of all these things? Our answer, without any qualification or reservation, is in the affirmative; but oftentimes the rosette-bearing steward would find himself on dangerous ground were he to try certain jockeys for the stopping of horses. The jockey, in defiance, might say some ugly things of his judge, and occurrences which had slumbered in the bed of time for years might be raked up.

I believe J. B. Haggin's colt King Fox, a full brother to Ben Fox, is the greatest two year old of the season, barring Tremont.

The Dwyer Brothers are not finishing the season with as strong a stable as at the opening of the campaign. Dewdrop and Hanover are the only really first-class ones fit for business in Dwyers' string.

I understand next year the Haggin stable, which is now a strong one, will be in full bloom. In it are an exceptionally fine two-year-olds. King Fox, Alcide, Milton and Perenzl are all fast and improving.

I understand a billiard match has been arranged between Schaefer and Slosson for two games of billiards, the first to be played in St. Louis within sixty days, and the other in Chicago within ninety days.

The first game is to be cushion caroms, 400 points, for \$500 a side, and the second, 14-inch balk line, 800 points, for a similar amount.

The heavy-weight wrestler, M. Horrigan, of Newton Highlands, Mass., and Jack Carkeek, of Dodgeville, Wis., are matched for \$500 a side, to wrestle within four weeks in Boston or Buffalo, best three in five falls, at collar-and-elbow.

Carkeek, I believe, is a wonder.

I have been informed that the owner of Dayton Belle, 2:29½, is suing the C. M. and St. P. R. R. for \$4,000, and the owner of Flora P. asks \$6,000 from the same road, for the killing of their mares in a late railroad smash-up.

Many will regret the retirement of Commodore Kitten from the turf, and the withdrawal of his colors from the track. I believe his entire string of horses in training, together with the yearlings, are to be sold at public auction at Jerome Park on Oct. 6.

It is said the Fairfax stable has engaged Fitzpatrick as first jockey next year.

The Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire stakes, to be run in England, Oct. 12 and 25 respectively, have just closed with 83 entries in the former and 98 in the latter. Last year the Cesarewitch had 100, and the Cambridgeshire 116 entries. The French horse Plaisance won both events.

In backing horses nowadays one is compelled to judge not only the merits of the horses, but honesty of the jockeys, owners, trainers, so that picking winners in selling races, purses and handicaps is far more difficult than many imagine.

Through the generosity of George H. Engeman of the Brighton Beach Racing Association, the Charleston sufferers' fund has been increased to \$2,252.28. The benefit given by the Brighton Beach track yielded \$1,015, which Mr. Engeman forwarded to the Mayor of Brooklyn.

A sporting man in St. Louis has wagered \$600 against \$1,000 on Gaudaur's chances of beating Beach.

In the race for the St. Leger, Ormonde will follow in the footsteps of Gladiator and Lord Lyons, by winning the triple event, the 2,000 guineas, Derby and St. Leger, which is the height of the ambition of every English horse owner. It is fifteen years since any racer won the triple event. Following this event will be the great Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire Stakes, which will close the English racing season.

One of the grandest races ever run in years was the fifth race at Coney Island Jockey Club on Sept. 7. The distance was one mile and five furlongs, and eight horses started. Lucky B. and Barnum were heavily backed. The pace was fast from the fall of the flag, and the finish was one of the most exciting of the year. Isaac Murphy was on Lucky B. and Hamilton piloted Exile. The jockey from Brighton Beach rode desperately, and fifty yards from home it looked as if he would land his horse a winner, but the "colored Archer of America" was working equally hard with Lucky B. and persevering to the end he managed to get his horse home first by the shortest of heads in the very fast time of 2:49½.

I understand the arrangements for the conduct of the two cricket matches, England vs. Philadelphia, at Nicetown, on Sept. 23, 24, 25, and on Oct. 1, 2 and 4, have been made by the International Committee. Fifteen players have been selected as follows: W. C. Morgan, Jr., George S. Patterson, W. Brockie, Jr., H. I. Brown, F. W. Ralston, Jr., and W. J. Dwyer, Germantown Club; E. W. Clark, Jr., F. E. Brewster, H. MacNutt, R. S. Newhall and C. A. Newhall, Young America Club; W. C. Lowry and John B. Thayer, Jr., Merion Club. Four of the men to play in the first game will be withdrawn in the second game, to be replaced by an equal number in their stead who were held in reserve.

There is a fight among the newly-evolved trotting men in England as to whether Van Buren Girl, who is far and away the best animal in that country, is not the American Blue Bell with a record of 2:21.

H. O. Duncan has won the bicycle championship of France, beating De Civy and Terrents. Time for 6¼ miles 20 minutes 6¼ seconds.

Among the great performances of the year are some in Australia: Crossfire won in 1:41 for the mile, Volcano carried 114 pounds over 6 furlongs in 1:14. Acme won the five furlongs. Hawkesbury Claret stakes in 1:01¼. St. Paul ran 4¼ furlongs in 57 seconds at Flemington, and landed 3 furlongs in 37½ seconds.

I visited the Wild West at Staten Island and was surprised to see the wonderful jumping done by an athlete. After scrutinizing his countenance I was not surprised, for the athlete was none other than George W. Hamilton, of Fredonia, N. Y., who has a record of 14 feet 6½ inches, single standing jump, and who has no equal in the world at flat jumping.

LATEST SPORTING.

Denny Butler was beaten by Wm. Blackhurst in a ten mile swimming match at Philadelphia on Sept. 6.

At Newark, N. J., on Sept. 9, in the return cricket match between the Manhattans of Brooklyn and the Newark Club the Manhattans won by 52 runs.

George W. Hamilton, the champion jumper, is matched to jump against man in the world a standing jump for \$500 a side at the Wild West show in Staten Island. He has a record of 14 feet 6 inches.

At Hartford, Conn., on Sept. 10, the five-mile bicycle race for the State championship was sharply contested by Deblols and Harding, of Hartford; Hart, of New Britain, and Prior, of East Hartford. Hart won in 17 minutes 8 seconds.

Thomas M. Malone, champion sprint runner of Australia, writes that he wants to make a match either with L. E. Myers or W. G. George, of England, in a series of races at 250, 350 and 400 yards for \$2,500 a side, and will allow \$500 for expenses to have the race decided in Australia.

The 2:36 class trot at Williamsport, Pa., on Sept. 9, was won by George C. owned by C. D. Smith, of Marlboro; Jessie Gould, owned by Alex. Davidson, of Williamsport, was second. Best time—2:33¼. The 2:25 trot was won by Kenton Bell, owned by J. C. Brown, of Williamsport, with Kelsie, owned by Disbrow Brothers, of New York second. Best time—2:24¼.

Bendigo, winner of the great Eclipse stakes (\$50,000) in England last month, is by Ben Battle out of Hasty Girl. Ben Battle is owned in Ireland and a couple of years ago Superintendent Duffy tried very hard to induce a prominent Missouri breeder to purchase and bring him to this country. Since Bendigo has beaten the great St. Gatien, it would scarcely be worth while for an American breeder to attempt to negotiate for his purchase.

In the regatta at Erie, Pa., on Sept. 7, John Roth of Buffalo won the three mile clicker race in 23 minutes 48 seconds. The four oared race between crews representing the Green City of Buffalo and the West End Club attracted much attention. The race, a most exciting one, was won easily by the Queen City in 18 minutes 30 seconds. The Queen City lowered their record by 3 seconds. There was a very large amount of money at stake over this. James Taylor, a well-known English oarsman, was time-keeper and referee.

During the twenty-four days of the Monmouth Park race meeting 155 races were run, and there was not a single postponement on account of the weather. The aggregate of stakes and purses amounted to \$750,000. The most successful owners were the Dwyer Brothers, who won twenty-two races and \$85,165. A. J. Cassatt follows with eight races and \$22,505, principally earned by The Bard. Then comes J. B. Haggin, whose stable captured five races and \$17,845, while the Pecknase stable won eight races and \$1,230. Thirty-three other stables won amounts ranging from \$1,000 to \$10,000.

The following explains itself:

As young Clarence Whistler, of San Francisco, Cal., claims to be the champion light weight of the Pacific Coast, I, Gus Brown, does hereby dispute his right and title of being the champion. I will so wrestle him any style he wishes for love or money. As I am away from "Frisco" at the present it does not speak well for them at home.

Gus Brown, Champion Light-Weight Wrestler of the Pacific Coast.

Another record was beaten in the bicycle tournament at Hartford, Conn., on Sept. 10 1886. In the one mile professional handicap Merrill, of Portland, Ore., was handicapped 125 yards; Morgan, of Springfield, 110 yards; Frazier of Smithville, N. J., 60 yards; Neilson, of Boston, and James, of England, 25 yards, and Woodside, 15 yards. Wood, of England, was scratch man. Wood and Neilson made a grand start at the third quarter, and Wood made his phenomenal contest mile in 2 minutes 33 seconds, with Neilson second in 2 minutes 33½ seconds. Woodside was third, and Morgan fourth.

The "Daily News," New York, Sept. 8, says: "Richard K. Fox now drives Emma B., his famous \$10,000 trotter, with Nellie Sontag, and they make a fleet and handsome team. Nellie Sontag can cover a mile in 2:20, while Emma B. has time and again won races in 2:22. Last Sunday Jerry McCarthy, the famous trainer and driver, sent the team a mile over the Gentlemen's Driving Park, without any training, in 2:23¼. It is expected they will trot in 2:20 before the snow flies. Mr. Fox has promised McCarthy, who has charge of the team, \$100 if he can drive them in 2:25, and McCarthy will make a trial next Sunday. Mr. Fox's team, as now mated, is unequalled for speed and beauty."

The two days' cricket match between the West Indian cricketers and the Young America Club at Philadelphia resulted in a draw, there not being time to finish the game. In their first inning Sept. 7 the West Indians scored 89 runs and the Young Americans 109, with the loss of two wickets. The game was renewed on Sept. 8, with R. S. and D. A. Newhall at the bat, and the last wicket fell for 294 runs. The double figures were R. S. Newhall, 85; F. E. Brewster, 70; H. L. Brown, 54; C. A. Newhall, 51, and E. W. Clark, Jr., 28. The West Indians then went in for their second inning, and when the hour for drawing the stumps arrived had scored 175 runs for seven wickets.

Now that the Dwyer Brothers have retired Miss Woodford, it is interesting to note Miss Woodford's record during the five years that she has been upon the turf. In 1882 she had eight starts, was first five times, second once and third twice. Her winnings for that year were \$6,600. In 1883 she was in twelve races, was first ten times, second once, and won \$40,780. In 1884 she had nine mounts and took first money in every one, winning \$20,375. In 1885 she ran twelve times, was first seven times, second four and won \$19,375. Thus far this season she has raced seven times, has been first five times, second once, and has won \$21,300. This makes a grand total of forty-eight mounts, with thirty-seven first, seven second and two third moneys, amounting to \$108,580.

In the amateur rowing regatta at Chautauque Lake, N. Y., on Sept. 7, Murphy, of the Crescent Club of Boston, won the first heat in the senior single sculls in 10 minutes 34½ seconds. In the second heat Cummings, of the Crescents, won in 10 minutes 28½ seconds. In the third heat Corbett, of the Chicago Farraguts, won in 10 minutes 50½ seconds. In the final heat between these three winners Corbett was taken ill and withdrew. Cummings won in 10 minutes 39 seconds. In the second race, for pair oars, there were two entries—Nonpareils and Atalantas, of New York. The Atalantas won by half a length in 11 minutes 56½ seconds. In the junior single sculls there were four entries. Alexander Somers, of the Baylides, Toronto, won 10 minutes 58½ seconds. Lovell, of the Nautilus Club, Hamilton, Ont., was second, Beckhardt, of the Hilldales, third.

The international bicycle tournament commenced at Hartford on Sept. 8. The attendance was 5,000. In the parade in the morning 211 wheelmen were in line. The first race, for the 3:10 class, had eleven entries. Ives made a wonderful start of fully one-eighth of a mile, and came under the wire twenty feet ahead of the bunch. Time—0:54, 1:56½, 2:19, 2:54¼. W. T. Prior, of East Hartford, won the 2:40 class race by twenty feet. Time—0:40¼, 1:23, 2:14, 2:53¼. The three-mile professional race was a brush to the last quarter, where Wood, Woodside and Neilson made spurts, Wood winning, with Woodside a good second, Neilson third, Prince fourth, Frazier fifth and Morgan sixth. Time—0:46, 1:39¼, 2:18¼, 3:01, 6:06¼, 8:59¼. Hendee, Rhodes and Adams started in a one-mile race. Hendee went to the front on the backstretch, and led Rhodes 300 yards home. Time—2:38¼, the best ever made on the track.

Several interesting races were decided at the Fall meeting of the League of American Wheelmen, at Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 4. The results of the events were as follows:

One mile novice race, H. D. Kittenger, 3:00¼.
One mile, open, H. P. Davies, Toronto, 2:48.
Three mile handicap, H. P. Davies, 8:58¼.
Half mile, New York State championship, H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes, N. Y., 1:20¾.
One wheel race of one mile, W. F. Barber, Rochester, 3:37¼.
Five mile L. A. W. champion, L. P. Hollingsworth, Russia, 15:23¼.
One mile tri-cycle race, New York State championship, A. E. Schoaf, Buffalo, 4:15.
One mile consolation, E. P. Cochran, Leroy, N. Y., 3:05.

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T. D. Oregon.—Yes.
S. M. P.—M is correct.
J. T. W.—Boston.—Yes.
D. J. Harrisburg, Pa.—Yes.
A. H. D., Trenton, N. J.—Yes.
CONSTANT READER, Boston.—No.
A. SUBSCRIBER, Frackville.—Yes.
SPORT.—Thomaston, Conn.—D wins.
GOLDEN LOCKS, Hyde Park, Ill.—Yes.
Rah's Heck, Washington, D. C.—Yes.
D. C. Shelport, Pa.—No, it does not count.
L. L., Englewood, N. J.—The bet is a draw.
S. G., Scranton.—It makes you a professional.
J. B. B., West Branch, Mich.—Thanks for letter.
J. M., Jersey City.—We have not Renney's record.
W. L., Maderia, Pa.—Forty-eight and a half seconds.
J. W. M., Toronto, Can.—Gov. Ireland is a Democrat.
N. P., Latonia, Ky.—Chas. Mitchell is an Englishman.
C. H. B., Idaho Springs, Col.—Repeat the question again.
M. J. H., New York City.—Five feet ten and a half inches.
B., Fulton Street, New York.—The men drew for positions.
W. S., Rochester, N. Y.—Joe Coburn was born July 20, 1835.
S. T. S., Bangor, Me.—We do not understand your postal card.
A. P., Grand Haven, Mich.—Rose oil and ammonia are very good.
J. J. C., Springfield, Mass.—Write to the Sporting Life, London.
L. G., Hooick Falls, N. Y.—Auburn prison was established in 1857.
E. P., Utica, N. Y.—England has the best equipped and largest navy.
A. J., Sutton, Neb.—George Seward was born in New Haven, Conn.
OLD SUBSCRIBER, Canton, Dak.—I. No. 2. Only the ball called scores.
CONSTANT READER, Plymouth, Pa.—See answer to M. M., Monmouth.
P. E. B., Titusville, Pa.—The referee's decision decided the matter.
M. M., Mahanoy City.—Mervine Thompson's parents were colored.
H. G., Olean, N. Y.—Tom Sayers was never defeated by Tom Paddock.
H. C. T., Philadelphia.—A trainer is a professional under any circumstances.
E. H., Athens, Pa.—Billy Madden was born Dec. 10, 1852, in London, England.
B. A.—The Goodwood Stakes of Aug. 1, 1877, was won by Prince George of England.
C. C., Columbus, Ohio.—Paddy Ryan and Joe Goss fought 87 rounds. 2. A wins.
D. L. E. N., East Newark, N. J.—Yes, certainly, there are rules governing the game.
SPORT, Bismarck.—Send for "The American Athlete" to this office. Price 25 cents.
G. D., Chicago, Ill.—Thomas Hyer weighed 182½ pounds when he fought Yankee Sullivan.
J. F., New York City.—John L. Sullivan will answer your question better than we can.
W. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—No; it was Sullivan who knocked Tug Wilson down time and again.
E. J. M., Baltimore, Md.—Shooting with the wrong ball was foul and did not count. 2. A wins.
E. A., Georgetown, D. C.—Cannot give the description of the trap, as there are so many in use.
SUBSCRIBER, Baltimore.—Carl Abbs returned to Germany. He was not defeated in this country.
A. E., Medina, N. Y.—Tom Davis defeated Hammer Lane in 40 rounds, lasting 1 hour 7 minutes.
J. H. H., Pittsburg.—A letter addressed to the pool-players you name to this office will find them.
T. W., Main street, Providence, R. I.—In "The Sporting Man's Companion" you will find all particulars.
F. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan fought on Feb. 7, 1881, at Mississippi City.
H. H., Savannah, Ind. Ter.—According to the conditions of the match, the decision was a fair and just one.
P. J. G., Avoca, Pa.—Connors claimed that he had been a soldier. We could not, however, decide the question.
J. P., Camden, N. J.—The "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt can only be held according to the rules governing it.
J. G., Stillwater, Minn.—Edward Hanlan, 19 minutes 23 seconds, Aug. 12, 1886, on Lake Quinsigamond, Mass.
SPORT, Utica, N. Y.—Send on a forfeit and we will publish your challenge. 2. Heenan and Sayers fought on April 17, 1860.
T. P., Altoona, Pa.—1. The length of the Niger river in Africa is 2,500 miles. 2. The Nile is 3,000 miles. 3. D wins the wager.
H. P., Sterling, Ill.—You will find all the information in the "Sporting Man's Companion," price 25c., mailed from this office.
S. W., Hartford, Conn.—Beach and Gaudaur row from Putney to Mortlake on Sept. 18, for \$5,000 and the championship p of the world.
CONSTANT READER, Knightsville, Ind.—In several States there is such a law. There is no such law in New York State or Indiana.
M. F., Kansas.—In September, 1876, Allen, after his battle with Goss, was arrested, put under bonds, and left for England, forfeiting the bonds.
R. P., Cleveland, Ohio.—1. A professional runner is one who runs for money or gate receipts, or engages in a contest with a professional. 2. No.
F. C. M., Milwaukee.—1. Sullivan and Mitchell agreed to box four rounds, but the police stopped the contest before it was decided. 2. Sullivan.
A. S., Tallahassee, Fla.—1. You can procure the book through any newsdealer. 2. If sufficient inducements are offered Beach may visit this country.
J. M., Salem, Mass.—A wins, as gamblers or professional card-players do not play straight in poker, but a straight beats two pair when straights are played.
M. M., Monmouth.—Jack Dempsey, the middle weight champion, has repeatedly challenged both Mitchell and Burke, but could not induce either to make a match.
W. E., Bedford, Ind.—1. Dooney Harris fought Geo. Cooper, of London, in June, 1851. 2. Harris won after a stubborn battle, which lasted 1 hour 45 minutes.
J. J., Newark, N. J.—Woolf Bendoff, the late opponent of Jim Smith and Jack Knifton, arrived per steamship Egyptian Monarch, Sept. 8, en route for San Francisco and Australia.
T. E., Bangor, Me.—1. Ben Caunt was in this country in 1841. 2. He boxed at various places with George Owens, Alex. Vanderzee, Brooklyn Bill, Tom Barrett, Jerolomon Jackson, etc. 3. No.
H. A., Chicago, Ill.—1. Dan Donnelly was born in 1786 and died February, 1820. 2. Billy Maclean trained John L. Sullivan when he fought Paddy Ryan. 3. They fought nine rounds, lasting 11 minutes.
G. M., Harrisburg, Pa.—1. Joe West and Dick Collins fought near London, England, on June 6, 1863. 2. The latter never left his bed after the fight, and died from injuries he received from West. 3. No.
R. H., Denver, Col.—1. Ned Harnetty defeated Jim Brock with bare knuckles at Fulham, England, in 1881, for £25 a side. 2. Sixteen rounds were fought in 20 minutes. 3. Harnetty did visit this country in 1881.
J. C., White Rock, R. I.—1. A wins. According to the London prize ring rules half a minute rest is allowed between each round. 2. The London prize ring rules differ greatly from the Marquis of Queensberry rules.
S. W. B., Cairo, Ill.—Wm. Graham, the champion wing shot of England, killed 48 live pigeons out of 59 at Philadelphia, Pa., on Aug. 23. He had to kill 20 birds, 40 yards rise, using two hands, and 30 birds, 30 yards rise, handling the gun with one hand. He killed 29 out of 30 with one hand and 19 out of 20 with two hands. A wonderful feat.



GOOD SAMPLES.

TWO CHRISTIAN CHINAMEN IN NEW LONDON, CONN., COME TO BLOWS OVER A PRESENT FROM THEIR TEACHER.



THEY FELL INTO THE TOMB.

A YOUNG COUPLE LAND IN AMONG COFFINS AND MOLDERING DEAD AT PORTLAND, ME.



A RAID OF TRAMPS.

THE UNPROTECTED VILLAGE OF CAMPBELL, WILKIN COUNTY, MINN., IS UNEXPECTEDLY INVADDED AND PILLAGED BY AN UNWASHED ARMY OF FEROCIOUS VAGRANTS.



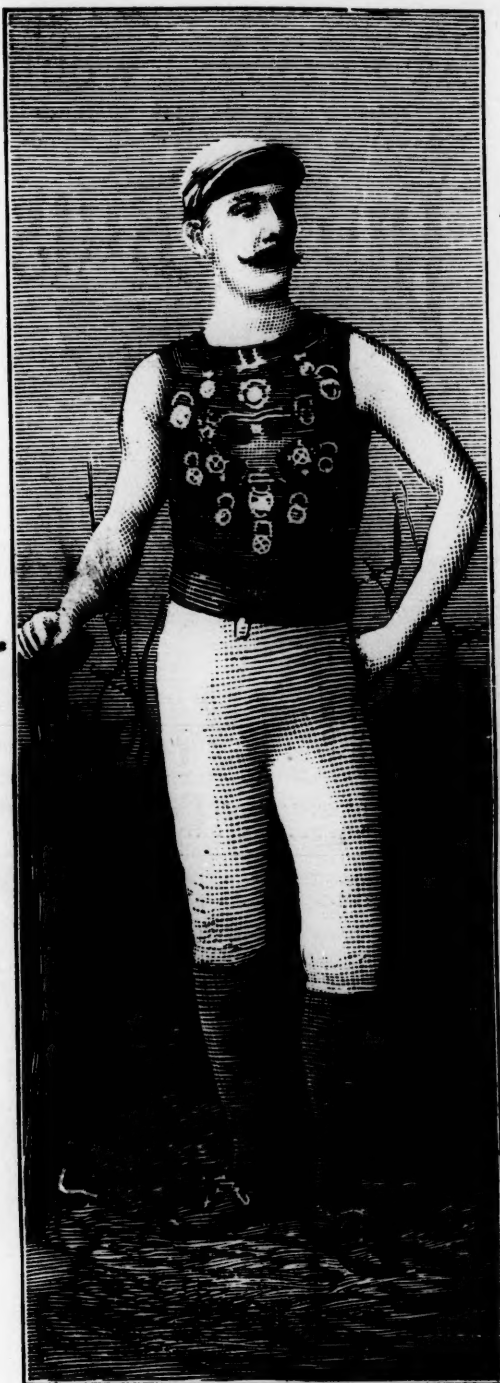
HE WASN'T WELCOME.

YOUNG MR. BAKER MAKES THINGS LIVELY AND PLEASANT AT A FAMILY PARTY IN CHICAGO, ILL.



TEMPERANCE RUN MAD.

A DESPERATE LOCAL-OPTION FIGHT TAKES PLACE AT DALEYVILLE, HARNES COUNTY, TEXAS.



CHARLES H. FOURTON,
A NOTED AMATEUR OARSMAN AND ALL-ROUND
ATHLETE OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.



WALTER W. OSMUN,
THE ATHLETE WHO HOLDS THE TITLE OF
CHAMPION ONE-LEGGED SKATER OF WISCONSIN.



"DOC" BROWN,

THE FAMOUS AND POPULAR LIGHT WEIGHT
BOXER OF CHICAGO.



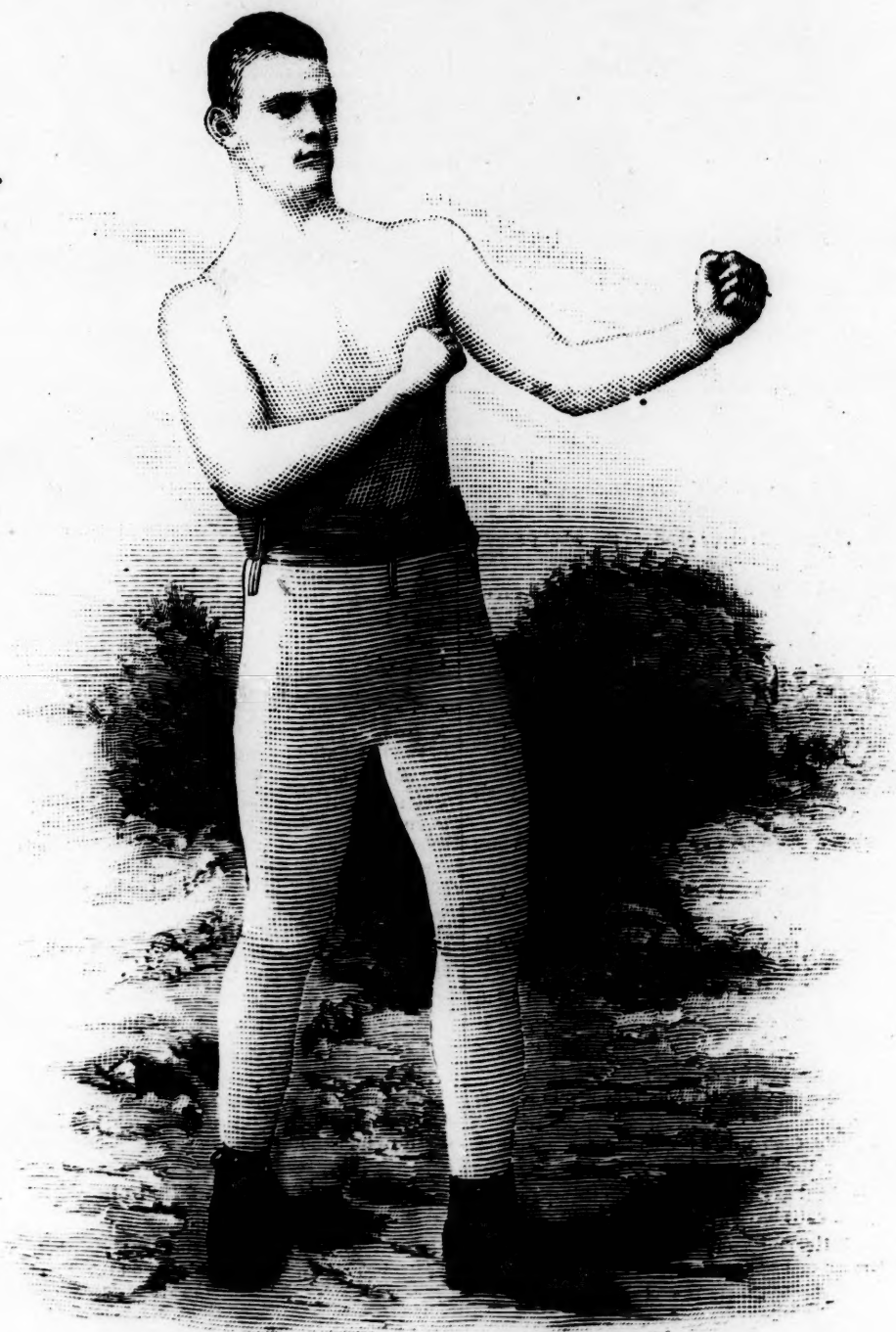
THOMAS LEE,

CHAMPION HEAVY-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF AUSTRALIA WHO IS COMING TO AMERICA TO MEET SULLIVAN FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.



JAMES GLYNN,

THE DASHING YOUNG HEAVY-WEIGHT PUGILIST, OF BROOKLYN, E. D.



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OUR NATIONAL GAME.

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of the Country.



Christopher Von der Ahe,

whose portrait heads our column this week, is the President of the St. Louis Browns, champions of the American Association. He is not only president of the club but the sole owner, and the secret of the great success of the club is that he looks after the management of the team himself. He travels with the boys on all their trips, and it is his presence alone that prevents the drunken spree from taking place, which have proved so detrimental to the success of so many leading clubs. Mr. Von der Ahe is a resident of St. Louis, where he is a heavy property owner. He is what might be termed a self made man, and by his untiring energy and wonderful business tact he has amassed a large fortune. He is a whole-souled, big-hearted German, and a man who will stand up for his men to the last minute. Much of the frivolous twaddle which has been going the rounds of the papers of his being the "Boss manager of the boss club," etc., etc., is all nonsense, and is the result of the inventive genius of some awfully funny reporter who worked his wit at the expense of Mr. Von der Ahe. Chris is a man of good address and just about as shrewd as they make them. He is a free spender and a very popular man throughout baseball circles.

Mullane pouts when he gets hit hard.
Hart and Miller were both great finds.
Donohue is catching on as a backstop.
The Mets do astonishing work at times.
Walsh is the bone of Taylor's existence.
Even Fulmer gets jumped on occasionally.
The Chicagoans have a good one in young Ryan.
Connor's hit over the right field fence was a lalah.
The tallenders are now beginning to play good ball.
Occasionally the best of them get knocked out of the box.
The Brooklynns are still making a big bid to get there.
Mack, of the Louisville, is pretty handy with the willow.
Weidman's base hits are almost as rare as earthquakes.
What Morrill don't know about kicking is not worth knowing.
The "Mets" take the biscuit for winning when least expected.
Occasionally a single error changes the whole course of a game.
Johnny Ward is by no means a slouch when it comes to kicking.
Kilroy is tired of Barnie and would like to get out of Baltimore.
The Chicagoans will get there just as sure as little apples grow.
How they can play ball since they have returned to their dungbill.
Even the dubs are on to Buffinton and they all pound him now.
When the mob once sour on a player his days are about numbered.
Morris has done some great twirling for the "Smoky City" Club.
Monk Chene did some fine work with the stick while in the Southern League.
Jerry Sullivan is getting in shape to bud forth as a left-handed phenomenon.
The Louisville people are kicking over the management releasing Sylvester.
Andrews has plugged up the hole that was in his bat and is again on the war path.
The St. Louis Club will do doubt prove a success since it is out of the hands of Lucas.
McPhee is about as good as they make them, and in him the Cincinnati have a treasure.
The Irish battery—Flynn and Kelly. This is hard on Kelly, as no one would ever think he was Irish.
Cook of the Louisville is the most clever man in the business in getting there when a bit is most needed.
Owing to a lung trouble Behel of the Mets, while coaching the Indians, could only be heard half way up the bay.

The New Yorks are good batters, good fielders and good base runners, but somehow they are not good winners.

Kansas City is pretty well satisfied with the League, but the hitch is that the League is not satisfied with Kansas City.

The Cincinnati "Enquirer" is carrying its bitter feeling a trifle too far. There is a nigger in the woodpile somewhere.

The New Yorks will endeavor to make it pleasant for the Chicago and Detroit clubs when they get them on the Polo Ground.

Connor did not knock the cover off the ball, but he did knock it over the right field fence, a feat never before accomplished.

Screacher Miller is what the Cincinnati people call him, but anything is good enough, as he has a voice like a steam whistle.

Had the Athletics made their find of Hart and Miller at an earlier date they would have made some of the big leaders pretty tired.

Bob Ferguson is gradually getting rid of Gifford's new stock of players, but he still clings to Mutrie's old stock, the "Indians."

Charley Sweeney has returned to his home in California and it is about time as his drunken brawls made him a disgrace to the arena.

Guy Heckler is not only leading the pitchers of the country at the bat, but he is making all crack batsmen look sharp for their laurels.

Latham has robbed Deasley of the name of "Parrot," and it is our opinion that he is justly entitled to it, as a more appropriate name could not be given him.

What! Is there any chance yet of the New Yorks winning the pennant? Oh, let go! They don't want the championship and you need not be afraid of their winning it.

Why don't the League give Jack Connelly another trial? His only offense was bending his elbow, and now, since he has given that up, a better umpire could not be found.

The Louisville would no more part with Pete Browning than they would with their American Association franchise. This gag about releasing him is all poppycock.

Sam Crane is doing good work in St. Louis, and, if anything, is a wonderful improvement on Dunlap, as he encourages the other players, while Dunlap only broke them up.

Ball players say that Fred Carroll is suffering from a bad case of swell-head. He is badly stuck on himself, and has made lots of enemies right in his own team.—Louisville Post.

Jack Valentine, the well-known umpire, has it in for Comisky, and the first time he shoots off his mouth to "Vally" it will cost him a snug little sum in the shape of a fine.

The Maple Leafs of Guelph, Ont., should have been in the International League by all means, as they have a team that would make the fur fly in the championship race.

It is an actual fact that the so-called malaria is nothing but pure laziness, then it is not astonishing that there are so many cases of malaria throughout the professional ranks.

Chris Von der Ahe, the President of the St. Louis Browns, has his son Charley, a boy of fourteen summers, along with him on this trip. The kid is assistant manager. That is, he looks after the bats.

There were no mosquitoes on Connor when he got back from the West. Four times at bat, four hits, two of them home runs and another a two bagger, is the shape in which he sized up Radbourne.

Roseman's most enjoyable amusement, when full, is kicking policemen, and the consequence is that when the "Big Chief" gets loaded with fire water there is not a policeman to be found in New York or Brooklyn.

Caylor thinks he has been badly abused this season by Mike Walsh, as he claims the Cincinnati have been given the worst of it on balls and strikes every time Walsh umpired a game in which the Port-towners took part.

Oh! how they did bat on their arrival from the West. Eighteen hits, with a total of twenty-nine, and nine earned runs out of ten scored, is the style in which they won their way to public favor, after their disastrous western trip.

All the sympathy that is being given Lucas by the very "new" baseball editors is wasted. The man went into baseball to wreck things and has wrecked himself. We wish he had got it harder than he has.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What Manager Harry Spence, of the Portland Club, called "protesting vigorously for his rights," umpire McCloskey considered "impudence, bluster and insult of the worst kind combined." So he just fined Spence ten dollars to settle the dispute.

Martin Sullivan is quite young yet and has much to learn. He was fined recently, which made him very wroth, and caused him to say naughty things. He was fined again, and this time it was for a larger amount than he could stand, so child like he packed his trunk and skipped the town. He has since been ordered to return under threat of the blacklist. There is only one of two things for him to do—abandon his baby work or abandon the profession.

FANNIE BEANE.

[With Portrait.]

This charming soubrette, one of the best known actresses in the country, and whose comical experiences while out crabbing are illustrated elsewhere, is portrayed on another page.

WEDDED TO A DYING GIRL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Miss Nellie Jordan, a prominent young lady of Worcester, Mass., was found lying on the floor of her chamber at No. 16 Washington street, late the night of Sept. 8, drenched in blood from a hemorrhage in her left leg caused by the bursting of a varicose vein. A physician was summoned, and, although he succeeded in stopping the flow of blood, he said the young lady could not live but a few hours. James Connor, to whom she was soon to be married, was summoned, as

was a priest, and without any hesitancy he consented to marry the young lady, and at two o'clock in the morning the ceremony was performed.

BILLY LEHMAN.

[With Portrait.]

Billy Lehman was born in Philadelphia, Pa. Though not yet in his majority he has gained an excellent reputation as a boxer and fighter. He is a big, strong young fellow whom no one has a license to whip. He has appeared in exhibitions in the principal sporting houses of this and his native city and maintained his own against the best of them. The genial John Shanley, of Brooklyn, E. D., is Lehman's director. Hayman will match him against any of the heavy weights for a limited number of rounds or to a finish for any reasonable amount.

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The Lehigh Valley Railroad are running excursions to Mauch Chunk, the "Switzerland of America," embracing the Glen Onoko, and a thrilling ride over the famous gravelly road known as the Switch Back. The route lies through the richest part of New Jersey and the beautiful Lehigh Valley, running along the charming banks of the Lehigh river, and passing through the grand old mountains of Pennsylvania, affording one of the grandest panoramic views of natural scenery in the world. Trains leave Cortlandt or Desbrosses streets, with parlor cars attached, at 8:10 A. M., on September 23, October 6, 20, making stops at Newark, Elizabeth and Rahway, placing the round trip at \$2.25. No one should miss this trip.

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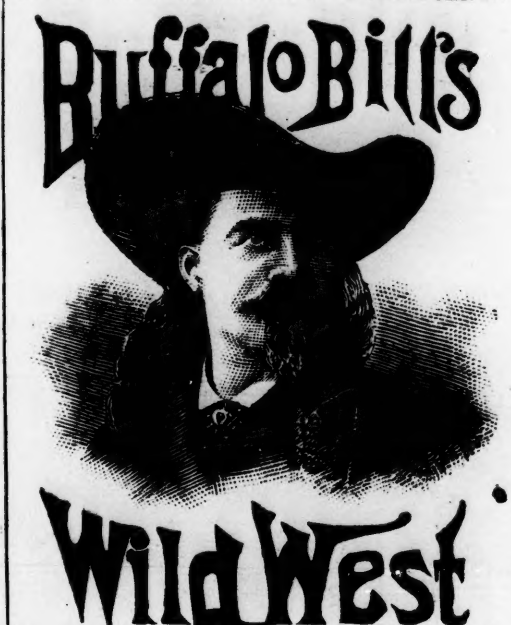
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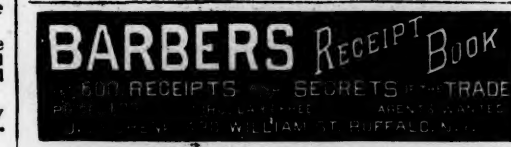
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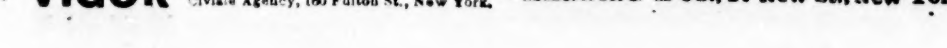
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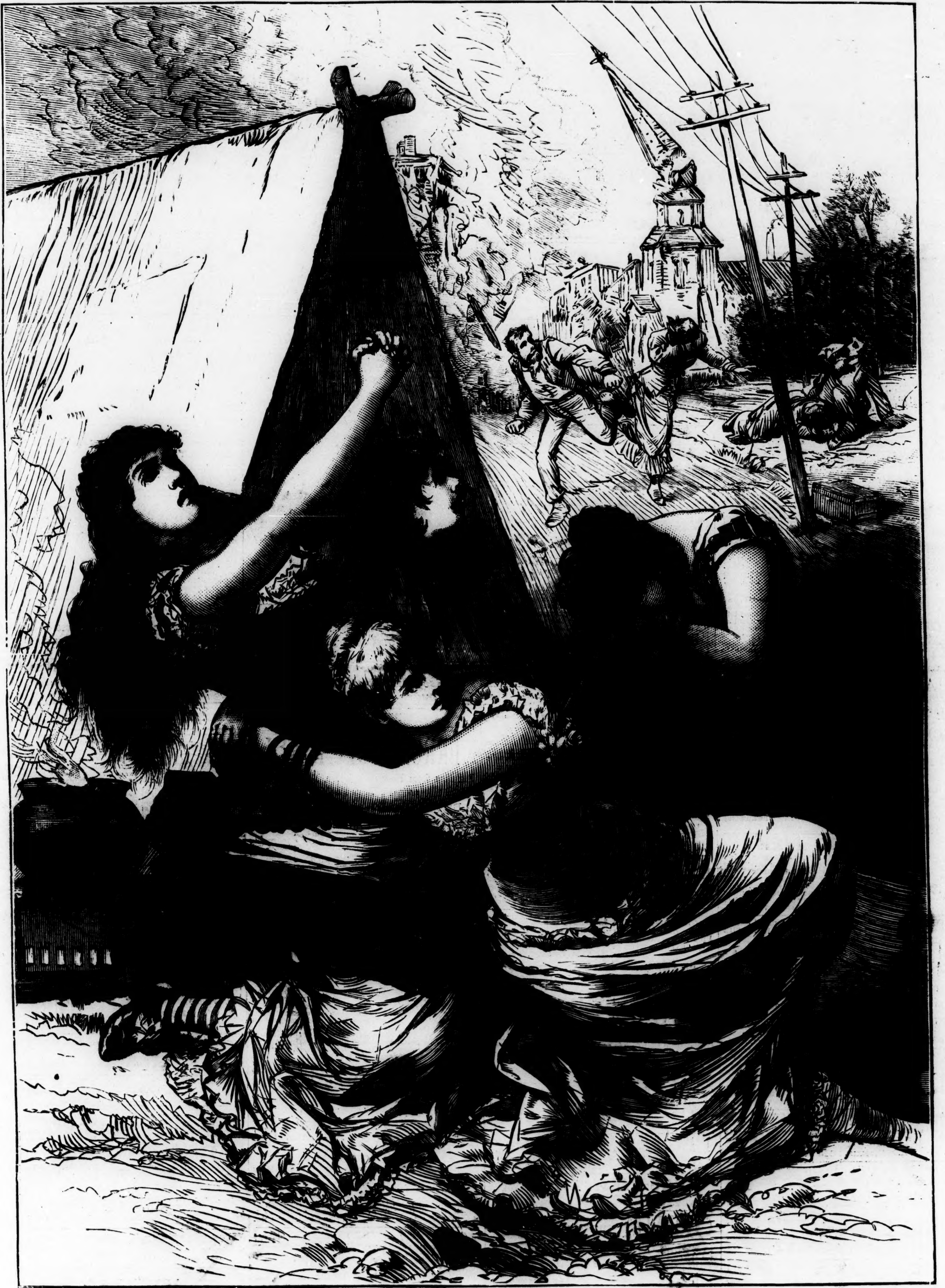
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